

# THE ACADEMY

## A WEEKLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, SCIENCE & ART

No. 1723

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## THE LITERARY WEEK

A CORRESPONDENT suggests that our article on Prize Poets should be supplemented by some reference to the winners of the prizes awarded at each University for Poems on Sacred Subjects. At both Universities alike the proportion of eminent names is small. These are the four most interesting entries in the Cambridge list:

1759. B. Porteus of Christ's.  
1830. M. M. Praed of Trinity.  
1854. E. H. Bickersteth of Trinity.  
1869. H. C. G. Moule of Trinity.

Beilby Porteus is, of course, the Bishop whom Thackeray covers with sarcasm in "The Four Georges." Praed needs no introduction, though one is a little surprised to find him in the galley. Bickersteth is the compiler of the Hymnal Companion to the Book of Common Prayer. H. C. G. Moule is the present Bishop of Durham, distinguished as a biblical critic.

At Oxford the prize was only instituted in 1848, and is only awarded once in four years. Nevertheless, though we find no name quite of Praed's poetical celebrity upon the list, we do find at least five names which stand for something. They are:

1857. "The Death of Jacob." Charles Henry Pearson, M.A., Fellow of Oriel.  
1860. "The Waters of Babylon." William Alexander, M.A., Brasenose.  
1863. "Saint John at Patmos." Richard Watson Dixon, M.A., Pembroke.  
1884. "The Sea of Galilee." Alfred John Church, M.A., Lincoln.  
1896. "The Life of Saint Augustine." Henry Charles Beeching, M.A., Balliol.

Henry Charles Pearson is the Pearson who discovered the Yellow Peril. William Alexander is the present Archbishop of Armagh. Richard Watson Dixon is the Canon Dixon known as a poet and a friend of Pre-Raphaelites. Alfred John Church is the author of "Stories from Homer," "Stories from Herodotus," and similar works much read by schoolboys. Henry Charles Beeching is Canon Beeching, Preacher to the Honourable Society of Lincoln's Inn, and the "Urbanus Sylvan" of *Cornhill*.

ADMIRERS of John Stuart Mill will hope that his house at Avignon, which is on sale, will remain in English hands, even though it cease to form part of the property of the Taylor family. Mill had made acquaintance with the south of France in early life, but the reason for his attachment to Avignon is to be found in the fact that his wife died there after seven years of married happiness. When he lost his seat in Parliament in 1868 he took entirely to literary work, spending much of his time in "the windy city" on the Rhone. Here his devoted stepdaughter, Miss Helen Taylor, arranged a herbarium, a vibratory and a circum-gyrary so that he could walk about in all weathers

or pursue his studies in botany. It was after a walk of fifteen miles on a botanical expedition that he was seized with the illness that ended in his death.

This was erysipelas, which seems to have been a local endemic malady. The house, as a matter of fact, was not in a healthy situation, but Mill bought it because it was near the grave of his wife, which he liked to visit as often as possible. In the grounds were a number of tall trees, where the nightingales sang, and the philosopher always refused to have any of them cut down lest the birds should be frightened away. Mr. Mansfield Marston, who visited Mr. Mill during his last illness, relates that the birds were so tame that they followed him about from tree to tree.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning had no personal connection in her youth with Camberwell, but her husband was born there. It was in his quiet home at Camberwell that he indulged in his taste for pets, and here he received instruction in the school of the Misses Ready. But the foundations of his real education were laid not at school, but in his father's excellent library, for his father, though he had been connected with the Bank of England, was passionately fond of books and had besides no mean capacity for versification. In after life the poet seems to have drifted further and further away from Camberwell, but it can scarcely be said that it was entirely ignored by her who wrote "The Cry of the Children" and "The Song for the Ragged Schools."

An American journalist, who has been trying to explain the decadence of American literature, puts it down partly to feminine influences and partly to the commercial instincts of the American people. He goes on to say that it is the secret wish of every Englishman to be a lord, of every Frenchman to be elected to the Academy, and of every German to write a good-sized book on the Turanian languages. Now these ambitions elevate and adorn the lives of those who have them. But what is the ambition of the citizens of the United States? The discontented journalist has found the answer in the prospectus of an insurance company. It is to eat well, to dress well, to have a fine house and a position in society. Disciples of Emerson will easily understand that it is impossible for people of this sort to produce great literature.

"So nigh is grandeur to our dust,  
So near is God to man.  
When duty whispers 'Lo, thou must,'  
The youth replies 'I can.'"

That is the stanza of Emerson which Mr. Choate recalled in his farewell speech last Friday. But is this exactly how Mr. Choate recalled it? As a matter of fact, duty (in the original) "whispers low, 'Thou must,'" not "Lo, thou must." Who is responsible for this new reading, speaker, reporter, or compositor? At any rate, "Lo, thou must," is the version printed in at least one morning newspaper. But the word "Lo" is already associated with misconceptions, since the time of that student of Pope's "Essay on Man," who in the lines:

"Lo, the poor Indian! whose untutored mind  
Sees God in clouds, or hears him in the wind."

took "Lo" to be, not an interjection, but the name of the untutored though instinctively religious barbarian.

In the current number of *Good Words* under the head of "The Shelf and the World" Mr. Lucas prints the following characteristic anecdote of Charles Lamb, which he has lately come across in a book lent to him by a friend, entitled "Living Authors," by Thomas Powell (New York, 1849). It is in the account of Edward Moxon, who married Emma Isola, the Lambs' adopted daughter.

"A cheesemonger, who having realised a large fortune retired with a genteel wife and still genteeler daughter to enjoy the *otium cum dignitate* in a nobleman sort of way at Highgate, where he had a

superb villa, was above all things most anxious to conceal from every one of his acquaintances that he had ever been engaged in trade at all—more especially in so low a calling as that of cheesemonger. It was the canker in his blooming rose of life, and any allusion, however accidental, was construed by him into a deadly and never-to-be-forgiven insult.

"In a large party at the house of the village clergyman, Coleridge, Lamb and the quondam cheesemonger were present. In a discussion on the hard Poor Law, which was then agitating the political and social circles of London, the retired tradesman took high ground, and irritated the kind-hearted Elia by violent denunciations of the poor; turning round, and with great appearance of triumph over the silent wit, he said to the company generally but more particularly to Lamb: 'You must bear in mind, sir, that I have got rid of all that stuff which you poets call the Milk of Human Kindness.' Lamb looked at him steadily, and gave his acquiescence in these words: 'Yes, sir, I am aware of it—you turned it all into cheese several years ago!' The retired cheesemonger was inconsolable."

Mr. Lucas states that he has not seen this story before. It is, however, to be found with but slight alterations in "Bon Mots of Charles Lamb and Douglas Jerrold," edited by Walter Jerrold, with illustrations by the late Aubrey Beardsley, and first published in 1893, a cheaper edition of which appeared last year.

"Posterity," said Alexandre Dumas, "begins at the frontier." This should mean that immortality will be the lot of the authors who get their books translated into foreign languages. The new catalogue of the "Société du Mercure de France"—a publishing house of notoriously Anglophil proclivities—enables us to see which of our own writers are achieving that distinction. The "Mercure's" list, which includes both the living and the dead, is as follows: Thomas Carlyle, Mrs. W. K. Clifford, Thomas Hardy, Frank Harris, Rudyard Kipling, George Meredith, Walter Pater, Thomas de Quincey, John Ruskin, Mark Twain, and H. G. Wells. This is a strong eleven; and the member of the team who makes the best score is Mr. Wells. "Eleven not out" is his present figure. Next to him comes Mr. Kipling, who is represented by nine volumes.

European critics have often said their say about Japanese literature. It is not less interesting to hear what the Japanese critics have to say about European literature. This is their view of our fiction, as reported by M. Gaston Donnet, the author of a popular history of the Russo-Japanese war:

"Why (the Japanese critic asked M. Donnet) is it so full of love, and of nothing else than love? Your heroines are always women who 'have a right to love,' who are 'determined to have their share of love,' and who, not finding it in marriage, seek it in adultery. Or they are young girls looking out for husbands, to whom they will soon be unfaithful, because they have been unable to 'have their share of love with them.' All this is terribly tedious. I wonder where your novelists and your dramatic authors go for their models in real life. It is not the drama of love but the drama of money that is true to life. And why is it that they never mention hunger and thirst, and are always talking of this love which, after all, is a function just as banal and animal as thirst and hunger are? We do not think of a man as being unhappy when he is eating. Why then should we think of him as being unhappy when he loves?"

Decidedly this is a new point of view, though the Japanese critic's studies seem to have been confined within somewhat narrow limits, and to have left a good deal of European literature—and even of European fiction—untouched.

*À propos* of the centenary of Schiller's death M. de Gleichen, one of his descendants, has recently published several anecdotes. Here is one that shows how Schiller was ennobled. Herder's wife was extremely anxious to figure among the titled people, who visited the court at Weimar, and poor Herder was at his wit's end to know how to gratify the ambition. However at last he bought some lands, which gave him the right to consider himself a titled personage. But the court still refused to receive Madame Herder. It even went further, and in order to annoy Herder conferred on Schiller and his family the titles required to ensure presentation at court. Schiller, a great believer in "the simple life," was so kind-hearted that he

accepted the privilege with extreme reluctance, knowing the annoyance that it would cause the unfortunate Herders.

Here is another story to illustrate his views as to the remuneration that a poet should receive. *Wallenstein* had just been performed, and a duchess, who was one of the spectators, was so delighted with it that she presented the author with a silver coffee service. Schiller, in thanking her, said that a poet should receive no remuneration, but that which came in the shape of voluntary offerings, "for," he added, "there is a natural affinity between the gifts of the poet and the gifts that are made at the dictation of the heart. Both ultimately are to be traced to heaven." If the public would only take this sentimental German view and be sufficiently open-handed, the long-vexed question of the relations of an author to his publishers would soon receive a satisfactory settlement.

Schiller's *Wilhelm Tell* has been played with great success since the beginning of March in the chief theatre of Tokio. The characters have Japanese names, Tell is a Japanese hunter, and Gessler a Daimio.

Lord Goschen's biography of his grandfather, the publisher, George Joachim Göschen, has been translated into German. The author has made a few improvements in the text, and shortened some passages, but in all essentials it is the same as the original. It is published by the G. J. Göschensche Verlagshandlung of Leipzig.

A copy of Miss Ethel Clifford's "Songs of Dreams" was included among the recently-sold collection of books from the library of Mr. Thomas Hutchinson, of Morpeth, author of "Ballades of a Country Bookworm;" and on the fly-leaf fronting the title-page Mr. Hutchinson had inscribed a poem "to Miss E. Clifford." The verse tribute is based on a favourite saying of the late W. K. Clifford, and opens thus:

"Let us take hands and help  
For to-day we are together,  
And bright will be life's skies  
In every kind of weather.  
  
And sweet remembrances  
Of mutual joys and sorrows  
Will dissipate the clouds  
That may darken our to-morrow."

It must be admitted that France knows how to honour her great men. Not two months have elapsed since the death of Jules Verne, and already three places have decided on measures for keeping his memory alive. The first in the field was Chantenay, a manufacturing village near to Nantes, where Jules Verne spent a portion of his youth. On the day after his death it was resolved that one of the streets should henceforth be called Jules Verne Street. A fortnight later the town council of Nantes agreed to set up a tablet on the house where he was born, to give his name to a square, and to open a public subscription for a suitable statue to his memory. The town council of Amiens has also decided to rename the Boulevard Longueville, where the famous writer was living at the time of his death. Meanwhile a beginning will be made with the publication of some, at any rate, of the sixteen plays and fourteen novels which he left behind in manuscript.

The erection of a statue at Rome to Victor Hugo is another instance of the power of literature to link nations in bonds of sympathy; though the poet never fell to any considerable extent under the spell of the Eternal City. Modern Rome, the Rome of the Papacy, he abhorred. It is "a snake," "the sewer of the human race." When the newly-invented chassepot killed six hundred Garibaldians at Mentana at the rate of twelve a minute, because they wished to take possession of the city, he apostrophised

"the sinister old man" who sat upon the throne of St. Peter in lines that glowed with indignation. After the invasion of France by "the barbarians" in 1870, he went so far as to assert that the Capitol, that is the virtues of the old Rome of the Republic, was to be found only at Paris, and to predict that in the coming struggle between Paris and Rome, the principles of the former would certainly triumph. When, a year or two later, the citizens of Rome sent the French people an address, they chose Victor Hugo as the medium, and he in reply thanked them for their sympathy with France in her unequal conflict with Germany, Russia and the Papacy, three spectral powers that in his opinion symbolised war, barbarism and darkness.

The leading Belgian men of letters have decided to boycott the festivities in commemoration of the achievement of Belgian Independence on the 75th anniversary of the expulsion of the Dutch. This is M. Maeterlinck's reply to the invitation addressed to him:

"I mean to take no part whatever in the celebration of a fallacious independence which, at the present moment, afflicts us with a Government which is the most retrograde in Europe, and the most opposed to all ideas of justice and freedom, excepting only those of Russia and Turkey. There are a few of us who are waiting for this state of things to pass and who hope that we shall some day be able to rejoice over the achievement of a true independence."

Which means, being interpreted, that the clericals are in power in Belgium, and that the sympathies of M. Maeterlinck are ranged on the side of the opposition.

The *Gaulois* has an interesting Flaubert note, giving the author's own account of the adventures of a play which he wrote, but which he tried in vain to get produced. These are the notes which he sent with the manuscript when he finally offered it for publication in a magazine:

"1. Marc Fournier refused to hear the play read on the ground that I was incapable of writing one.

"2. Gustave Claudin asked for the piece for Noriac, manager of the Variétés. Enthusiasm of the said Noriac, who talked of putting it in rehearsal at once. Then silence for six months, at the end of which time I could only recover my manuscript by brutal insistence.

"3. The piece was taken to Hostein, manager of the Châtelet, who, within forty-eight hours, sent a footman with the message: 'M. Hostein told me to tell M. Flaubert that this is not at all what he wants.'

"4. A manager of the Gaieté heard the piece at my house, and expressed admiration, but I heard nothing more from him.

"5. The piece was asked for on behalf of the managers of the Gaieté, was kept three months, and was then returned to me with scorn.

"6. Raphael Félix heard it read at Michel Levy's, and proposed to draw up an agreement on the spot, but suddenly changed his mind because he remembered that he wanted to revive *Lucretia Borgia* instead.

"7. Last year the manager of the Gaieté kept the manuscript for a week, and then gave me the same answer as his colleagues.

"8. This winter Dalloz refused to publish it in the *Revue Française*."

Let us hope that it is not often that genius knocks so vainly at so many doors.

As the Barbier centenary is still impending, we may find place for the story of the circumstances which induced the poet to write his famous revolutionary rhymes. He came to Paris immediately after the "three glorious days," and with him was a general who had strong ideas about law and order. The barricades were still standing in the streets, and a civilian friend of the general advanced from one of them to shake hands. "General, we have done well," said the civilian. "What do you mean?" asked the officer. "You have let yourselves be beaten by this rascally mob." "General," was the reply, "*the people were sublime*." And Barbier writes in his *Reminiscences*: "This young man, whom I never saw again, and whose name I do not know, was he who first inspired my enthusiasm."

The price of Messrs. Watts's edition of Haeckel's "*Evolution of Man*," translated by Joseph McCabe, is 42s., not 45s., as stated in our issue of May 6.

## LITERATURE

### THE ROYAL ACADEMY

*The Royal Academy and its Members, 1768-1830.* By the late J. E. HODGSON, R.A., and F. A. EATON. (Murray, 21s. net.)

THE imperturbability of the Royal Academy is almost admirable. Some forty years ago a Commission, appointed by the Government, invited it to reform. As late as last autumn a Committee of the Lords urged it to alter the method by which it administers the Chantrey Bequest. It is indifferent to Commission and Committee alike; it goes on its road deaf to abuse as to remonstrance; and when in the future a failing balance-sheet does persuade it to consider its position, it will find some other method than reform to win back its hold upon a patient public. It may, for instance, offer prizes for the solution of puzzles, or it may instal a *café chantant* in the central hall. But it will never be false to its noble ideal of mediocrity. Though it has never encountered so much ignominy as during the last six months, it declines to explain or refute. That, as Sir Edward Poynter said the other day, would disturb a festive occasion. What, then, does it do? It publishes a pompous history of itself and its members, and thus reminds us in a dim and shadowy way of imperial Nero, who fiddled while Rome was burning.

It is not a glorious record, this of Messrs. Hodgson and Eaton, but as though to atone for its meagre episodes it is composed in a proud and vaunting style. When the authors compare the present triumph of their institution with its humble beginnings, they cannot restrain their enthusiasm. In 1760 one hundred and thirty pictures, exhibited by sixty-nine artists, produced a net profit of one hundred pounds! It is not much, to be sure, and it is perhaps not without irony that the authors of this book set forth the paltry sum. But paltry as it was, it started painters on an evil road and suggested to them that there might be as much money in a peep-show, if it were properly worked, as in a theatre. "That was a very remarkable sum of one hundred pounds," says Mr. Hodgson, "one of the most remarkable recorded in history; it revealed a new source of wealth, a money-making power hitherto unknown." Of this source Titian and Velasquez knew nothing, and therefore may be supposed to have practised their craft in vain. But the Royal Academy, more happily inspired, found "the money-making power" ready to its hand, and its worst detractors cannot say that it lost its opportunity. "Annual exhibitions of pictures," again we quote, "under such promising circumstances were continued, and have gone on until they have attained the present portentous results—an exhibition of some two thousand works of Art" (note the capital A), "by more than one thousand two hundred artists, which is visited on an average by some three hundred thousand people." Portentous is it not? And though the statistical method is not the best, whereby to estimate the virtues of an Academy, it has the double advantage that it is easy to apply, and that its figures are indisputable.

So, on November 28, 1768, King George III. founded the Royal Academy, "my Academy," as he was wont to call it, and signed the "Instrument," which still defines the duties of the body. He did more than this: he provided the Academy with rooms, and, when it was in need, with money. Thus it is not easy for the Academy to justify its existence as a private club. It was established upon the rock of kingly munificence, but it has a worse memory for this truth than for the number of persons who pass the turnstile, and it persists in declaring that it is accountable to nobody for its policy and administration. However, it commenced business under the best auspices. Its first President, Sir Joshua Reynolds, was not merely a most distinguished painter; he was also a man of intellect and of the world. So long as he lived, the institution was worthily governed. If he did not appreciate Gainsborough as he should, he was for the most part catholic in taste

and scrupulously fair in the conduct of his office. That all the members of the Academy were not great men was not his fault. He made the best of the material which came to hand, and that was all the wisest of men could achieve. With his death the Academy declined in prestige, and it has never recovered itself. The results of the turnstiles are more "portentous" than ever, but the most bigoted partisan cannot pretend that the Royal Academy of to-day represents any interests but its own, and its three hundred thousand visitors are no more significant than the crowds which nightly frequent the music-halls of the metropolis.

If for a moment we forget the thousands of persons who look at the pictures and descend to consider the painters who make them, it is a dreary tale which we have to tell. It is true that in the time of Reynolds the Academy could not boast, as it boasts to-day, of twelve hundred "artists" contributing their masterpieces to its exhibitions. But few as they were, they are, for the most part, forgotten to-day, Academicians and all. Who has heard the names of John Baker, Jeremiah Meyer, and Peter Toms? Yet they were eminent in their day and entitled to write R.A. after their names. The obscurity into which they have fallen should teach a lesson of humility to the twelve hundred intrepid spirits who every year attract three hundred thousand people to admire their works, and should suggest to Sir Edward Poynter and his colleagues that they do not inherit all the arts of all the ages.

When the Royal Academy was first discussed, it found a determined opponent in Hogarth. "It will be vain to attempt to force what can never be accomplished," said he, "at least by such institutions as royal academies on the system now in agitation." It is a confused sentence, but its meaning is perfectly clear and perfectly sane. Such books as this, which we are now reviewing, do but prove the uselessness of Academies. No one can be persuaded to produce masterpieces except by his own genius, and the best Academy can do no more than foster mediocrity and encourage intrigue. The Royal Academy has long since forgotten the purpose for which it was established. It is quite out of touch with the art of painting. It administers the fund bequeathed by Chantrey to the great comfort of its own members. And nothing but a falling off of the three hundred thousand citizens will ever bring it to reason. But it is no worse than other academies, and it may take to its soul whatever consolation this sad truth can bring it.

#### DREAM-COME-TRUE

*Dream-Come-True.* By LAURENCE BINYON. (Eragny Press, 12s. 6d.)

A BOOK of which only one hundred and eighty-five copies are issued is obviously not a book for every one. The question for each lover of books will be: Is "Dream-Come-True" a book for me? Mr. Binyon is a poet most of whose admirers, we imagine, cannot help feeling as though they were his friends. "Dream-Come-True" is the lyrical monument of the poet; betrothal, honeymoon, and first year of wedded life. Naturally therefore it will be of intense interest to all those many admirers of Mr. Binyon who feel as though they were his friends. "Dream-Come-True" is in every way an exquisite little book, and makes one feel at once that its full perfume can only be disengaged on familiarity. Mr. Pissarro has been lucky in designing the delicate patterned paper for its cover: and to read such excellent modern work, in so choice a type as he has designed, is a pleasure not often offered to us. Mr. Binyon has himself designed and cut a wood-block for the frontispiece, in which he shows that he has fully profited by the admirable example of Mr. Selwyn Image's chaste and haunting idyls, rendered by the full reed pen with a few expressive lines. The complete double page, on which this design and the first poem are framed by Mr. Pissarro's cornflower border, is printed to entrancing result, in a

delicate sage green, with its text in black caps and an initial and device at the end in pale vermillion. The whole book breathes an intimacy which suggests some trysting-place among the river salallows, on an early June afternoon fragrant with meadow-sweet.

"Within the voice, within the heart,  
Within the mind of Love-Lily,  
A spirit is born who lifts apart  
His tremulous wings and looks at me."

sang Rossetti in one of his most beautiful lyrics and Mr. Binyon begins with a delicate and probably unconscious echo of the first two lines:

"Within the eyes of Dream-Come-True  
Shine the old dreams of my youth,  
Ere they faded, ere they grew  
Distant, they were born anew  
In her truth."

"Within the heart of Dream-Come-True  
Lies my life, a folded bud."

No doubt the principled critic would like us to regret this echo. We are all to be "on our own" nowadays, and be quickened by no more estimable spirits than that of to-day and our own uncultured and uninfluenced animalism, for which the past is rich in vain. Leaving the poor principled critic to welcome the motor-car into verse, and remembering that true originality is not afraid of father and mother, but delights in many relationships less inevitable, the lover of poetry will trip with a thrill of manifold recollection over the threshold of this new home to which he is invited, by the poet's frank and generous faith in the nobility and delicacy of his nature. The fall of the rhythm may remind him of Shelley as well as Rossetti, and if he needs must analyse his impressions, he may remark that Rossetti's Latin nature inclined to elaborate a perfectly balanced form which enabled him to produce more definite impressions and led him to the almost epigrammatical terseness of his last two lines:

"Whose speech Truth knows not from her thought  
Nor Love her body from her soul."

While Mr. Binyon with a more spontaneous rhythm is led to a more enigmatical expression:

"O may the fountain leap in flood  
The young shoot branch in leafy wood,  
Blest in promise through and through  
By the dear thoughts of Dream-Come-True!"

But most will not care to linger in order that such distinctions may grow clear to them, they will hurry away through these moods of peace and realised bliss, which shift from England to Italy and back again, till they cry with the poet:

"Now my soul hath taken wings,  
Newly bathed in light intense,  
And purging off the film of sense  
Of its native glory sings."

For one, who is evidently both sensitive and delicate, to offer to take the world into confidence over his love, must needs prove him generous and unsuspecting as well. Such a poet is bound to have more real friends than he knows of.

#### THE RETURN OF THE PAMPHLET

*Towards a Social Policy.* (ALSTON RIVERS. 1s.)

*Gladstonian Ghosts.* By CECIL CHESTERTON. (The Lanthorn Press. 2s. 6d.)

THE conspicuous decline of the English political Press gives great scope for the revival of the political pamphlet, of which "Towards a Social Policy" is a good average specimen. The writers are a set of earnest young Liberals who find the policy of their party too negative for a long prospect of life. Cutting themselves adrift from party politics, they make an effort to explore the whole ground of social policy with a view to suggestions of prac-

tical reform. It is not our province either to analyse their explorations, or to criticise the resulting suggestions. The sight of these young Japhets in search of a parent must touch the hardest heart and disarm the severest critic. The fact that they should thus be wandering in the wilderness after so many years of talk suggests indeed certain thoughts about the party system which we will not further pursue. Suffice it to say that the writers cover immense ground in this series of articles—touching not without some originality and freshness on such thoroughly diverse questions as Land Reform, Housing, Poor Law, Old Age Pensions, Factory Laws, Finance, and Local Government. The book is rather intended for the speaker than the general reader.

Quite a different type of political pamphlet has been put forth by Mr. Cecil Chesterton under the title of "Gladstonian Ghosts." Mr. Cecil Chesterton has some of his brother's cleverness, and all his audacity. He possesses a fair share of that critical cleverness which is hateful to the good party man, and generally indeed forms a dissolving rather than a binding force in politics. It is very difficult for the plain man to tell exactly where Mr. Cecil Chesterton stands. He seems to be a kind of Conservative Socialist, fighting sometimes from the standpoint of the Conservative, sometimes from that of the Socialist. His attack on Free Trade and Temperance smacks of Toryism; but on the other hand his attack on Lord Penrhyn and employers in general seems to smack of Socialism. But perhaps we take him too seriously. The book is probably meant rather as a jest than as a serious piece of criticism. The main point of the jest seems to be to take the English party system with great gravity and logical precision, excluding it from all those kindly indulgences which we generally extend to things human. This stern process is mainly extended to the Liberal party, which is rigidly pinned down to consistency with its early doctrines and stringently excluded from any change or variation of faith. Alas! Mr. Cecil Chesterton is yet young. He will learn as he grows older that names, and especially the names of parties, offer convenient tickets which soon lose their original meaning. Most party badges survive as little more than indolent tribal categories. The names of the two great American parties are still "Democrat" and "Republican"; but that does not prevent every Republican from being a democrat and every Democrat a republican. We do not bind the English Conservative to fight under the flag of Slavery or even Protection: why then should we hold the English Liberal to the teaching of the Manchester School? When Mr. Chesterton has grown old enough to see the beauty of compromise, he will put aside his inquisitorial robe. Instead of driving the wandering political flocks back to their folds, he will try to persuade them that they can safely follow him as the true shepherd. Still, this is an amusing piece of youthful cleverness, and deserves to be read as such.

#### LITERAL OR LITERARY?

*Les Sonnets du Portugais d'Elizabeth Barrett Browning.* Traduits en vers français. Avec préface, texte anglais en regard, et notes. Par LÉON MOREL. (Paris: Hachette.)

*Les Sonnets Portugais d'Elizabeth Barrett Browning.* Traduits en sonnets français, avec notice, texte anglais, commentaire et notes. Par FERNAND HENRY. (Paris: E. Guilmoto.)

THE pacific penetration of English literature into France is proceeding rapidly, although the present invasion cannot compare in magnitude and influence with that of the eighteenth century so well described by M. J. Texte, when Locke and, later, Richardson took France and even Europe by storm. Still the influx of our nineteenth-century authors goes steadily on. Of the earlier writers, Byron and Shelley have been more or less entirely translated. A

good deal of Tennyson has also been turned into French. Recently there has been a run on Mrs. Browning. At the present time there exist no less than three verse-translations of the Sonnets from the Portuguese, one by M. Charles des Guerres, and the other two by M. Léon Morel and M. Fernand Henry, both of whom have already won their spurs in this particular field of literature. M. Morel has translated Tennyson's "In Memoriam," M. Henry has to his account translations of the Sonnets of Shakespeare and of "Omar Khayyâm". In addition, a certain number of notices have appeared on Mrs. Browning by Taine, Emile Montégut and Joseph Texte, mainly in reference to Aurora Leigh. More complete studies have been made by M. Gabriel Sarrazin and Madame Mary Duclaux-Darmesteter.

At first sight Mrs. Browning does not seem to be a poet to allure a French translator. We have only to recall her carelessness of form, her fatal tendency to confound improvisation with inspiration, her manner of throwing the bridle, to use Madame de Sévigné's picturesque phrase, on the neck of her Pegasus, her positive sympathy for the worst of her poetical lapses which strangely enough recalls the foible of a far correcter poet—Ovid. Nor are her grammatical audacities, her rhythmical monstrosities, her verbal obscurities, precisely the qualities to commend her to the average Frenchman with his nice sense of proportion, correctness and polish. Again, no small part of her work consists of *vers de circonstance* due to a curious itching to set to poetry the most unsuitable themes. Such still-born stuff is not likely to enjoy re-incarnation in any language. Yet when we come to the Sonnets from the Portuguese we find ourselves obliged to take back nearly everything we have advanced. For once in a way the exigencies of the composition imposed on the author the necessity of paying attention to technique. In addition she brought to her subject a rare efflorescence of passion, the bursting into bloom for the first time of a soul that for forty years had been accumulating and storing up the finest essences in literature to blend with its own rich personality. But what distinguishes them from other love-poems is that they are an analysis of a woman's soul by a woman, which is still a rarity in poetry, though the transcriptions in prose are growing more numerous. As a feminine *Confessio Amantis*, with its pure yet penetrating psychology, it cannot fail to be of great interest to the cultivated Frenchman.

What adds piquancy to the task of the present reviewer is that MM. Morel and Henry are not only rival translators, they are also mutual critics. M. Morel has already stated elsewhere his opinions of M. Henry's earlier efforts at translation. M. Henry, who on this occasion is later in the field, avails himself of the opportunity of criticising M. Morel's poetical principles and practices. It is an admirable *riposte*, and the courteous manner in which it is couched is equally admirable. Still we cannot help surmising that M. Henry has deliberately invaded M. Morel's territory, not merely to contest his theories, but also to challenge a comparison between the actual performances of each. It is certainly a very interesting duel. M. Morel is the champion of literal translation. Taken as an example of close and faithful rendering and of a dogged determination to cut no difficulty, however thorny, his version must be pronounced a veritable *tour de force*. Unfortunately too great a fidelity to the letter may lead to unfaithfulness towards the spirit. There are times when the word for word method takes us further from the original than an entire recast of the sentence. The faithful unfaithful keeps us falsely true. Moreover the literal is not always the literary, more especially in French, which is far less plastic or elastic than English. In no language is a suggestion in the translation of the construction of the foreign sentence less tolerable, or a literal reproduction of bizarre expressions more obscure, especially when those expressions depend for their effect on certain national idiosyncrasies which make them household words in one country and logographs elsewhere, such as, for instance, the

majority of biblical allusions current in England. Of course, if the qualities themselves are entirely lacking in French, no system of translation can transplant them. Take, for instance, the *naïve*, which is as common as possible in everyday German poetry, and constitutes perhaps its principal charm. It seems quite impossible to reproduce it in French. The *naïve* as understood by our neighbours across the Channel is often adorable, but it has in it either a dash of coquetry on the part of the character or of *malice* on the part of the author. It is never unconscious. The talent for introspection is not only common to all classes, but the children themselves seem born with this sort of dual consciousness. Naturally it pervades the whole of their literature.

Against the ideal of translation pure and simple M. Henry sets up his theory of *explication*; paraphrase is a poor equivalent, besides it has got a bad name in England from its misuse in our schools. What M. Henry really means is a complete re-cast, wherever such is necessary, in order to preserve the spirit of the original and ensure that the rendering shall be really and truly literary French.

M. Henry lays stress on the still greater importance of the number of passages in which the translations give different interpretations. We have noticed one or two in which the renderings are entirely distinct. For the most part on such occasions we are inclined to agree with M. Henry, who has fortified his position by a careful study of the Browning correspondence, which often serves as a precious commentary. Thus, while M. Morel renders "Lost Saints" in the well-known Sonnet XLII. as "Mes Saintes délaissées," M. Henry, with his "Ceux que le Ciel m'a pris," is obviously nearer the original, which alludes to the author's lost brother. But in the majority of instances, the difference comes in the case of those sentences into which Mrs. Browning squeezes a quart of metaphor, where there is only room for a pint according to French measures. In English at a pinch one metaphor can "nurse" another: in French each must have its separate place, and when the space is limited, something has to be excluded, and so one translator sacrifices one part of the idea and another another. Take for instance the phrase:

"To let thee . . .  
 . . . hear the sighing years  
 Re-sighing on my lips renunciative."

M. Henry very cleverly translates "renunciative" by

"Te forcer d'écouter toujours ce non sévère  
 Que les ans malheureux ne cessent d'amener  
 Sur ces lèvres."

M. Morel gives up "renunciative" altogether: on the other hand he makes some attempt at bringing out the force of "sighing," which M. Henry merely indicated in a rudimentary fashion by the word "malheureux."

"Entendre les dolentes  
 Plaintes des tristes ans de ma lèvre émaner."

But neither appears to be able to find proper room for "re-sighing" at all.

The contest through the forty-three rounds which the sonnets constitute is well fought out to the end. On the whole we think the palm must be awarded to M. Henry on two grounds. Thanks to his methods of simplifying and rewriting, his version is less intricate and involved and *ipso facto* more truly French than that of M. Morel who in following up too closely the twists and turns of the original occasionally falls into a laboured and labyrinthine style. We may compare, for instance, M. Henry's opening stanza of Sonnet VI. with the somewhat tortuous version of M. Morel.

"Va-t-en donc! mais pourtant je sens à l'avenir  
 Dans ton ombre toujours je resterai blottie,  
 Quoique seule à jamais sur le seuil de ma vie,  
 Je ne convierai plus mon âme à m'obéir."

"Quitte-moi. Mais je sens que je vis désormais  
 Dans ton ombre. Jamais seule, au seuil de la vie  
 De mon être, dès lors, je n'appelle et convie  
 Les facultés de mon esprit."

Again the suave and smooth-flowing verse of M. Henry seems more in keeping with the best tradition of French poetry than the rather jerky transcript of M. Morel, in which, as may be noted in the passage quoted above, the pause is far more often in the middle than at the end of the line. On the other hand, from time time to M. Morel achieves through his devotion to literalness a more picturesque effect, and he certainly avoids the *banal* into which M. Henry through excessive simplification occasionally falls. Thus M. Morel successfully preserves the full force of "vindicating grace" and "renounce to thy face" in:

"A l'amour souverain  
 Je dois le riche don, la rédemptrice grâce  
 De vivre, aimant toujours, aimant toujours en vain . . .  
 De te bénir en te reniant à ta face."

where M. Henry is content to write

"J'ai le droit d'obtenir  
 De cet amour au moins cette grâce suprême  
 De vivre, quoiqu'en vain, en t'aimant tout de même,  
 Et tout en renonçant à toi, de te bénir."

M. Henry has made his task rather easier by adopting the less strait-laced metre of the French sonnet in which, in the regular form, the first two lines of the sextet rhyme together instead of severally rhyming with the four concluding lines. He speaks "of preserving the regular form," but he also employs the irregular, and on one occasion at least he makes use of the ordinary English ending for the sextet, while in the opening quatrains he adopts alternative rhymes. As for the rhymes themselves, each writer takes out a full licence. We note such rhymes as *appellent* and *prunelles*, *non* and *monts*, *cœur* and *heurts*, which must be perfect eye-sores to the literary descendants of Boileau and his tribe, but are as a matter of fact absolutely harmonious. M. Henry boldly proclaims himself a hardened sinner in this respect. M. Morel, while arguing the point, seems to shelter himself behind the example of Mrs. Browning. Even in literature it is an advantage to find an Eve for a scapegoat.

## THE SHORES OF OLD ROMANCE

*Aucassin and Nicolette*. Translated by ANDREW LANG.  
 (Routledge, 3s. 6d. net.)

WHO better equipped, as a scholar and as a writer of charmingly musical verse, than Mr. Andrew Lang to translate for English readers the famous poetic love tale of "Aucassin and Nicolette"? Surely Mr. Lang, born and nurtured almost among the Braes of Yarrow, with its ballads, its loves, and its romantic encounters, has drawn in with his earliest breath "all the charm of all the muses," and is an ideal translator and editor of this old French masterpiece. Mr. Lang's versatile genius is one of the mysteries of our generation. Translator of Homer into stately and picturesque prose, and of Theocritus into honey-sweet phrases, here he is at home again in pouring the wine of romance from the golden into the silver cup in the dearest manner. A year or two ago he wrote a learned and exhaustive introduction to a translation of Longinus, and, anon, he figured in his obliging versatile rôle in an introduction to Alexandre Dumas' "Three Musketeers." He is the good genius for giving every one a literary lift, whether on to the fleet Pegasus or a cart-horse. In his youthful prime, he must, in the "gloaming and the mirk," when the "freenge was red on the western hills," have strangely foregathered with the spirit of Merlin, where the Powsail loses itself in the Tweed, in his own borderland, and been gifted by the wizard with his strange and unapproached versatility and adaptability! The publishers have entered with enthusiasm into the making of this daintiest and most delightful of volumes, and produced a work of art, paper, printing, and illustrations being worthy to enshrine this saga of love and chivalry. Every one can now enter into this "kingdom by the sea," and those who are sorrowful will get a glimpse into a past that might well make them less forlorn.

## NEW CLOTHES

O ALL ye meadows fair,  
And soft sunshiny banks.  
Where daisies without number—where  
Pale cowslips range their comely ranks  
And buttercups with prouder yellow  
Think each himself the finest fellow;  
Since I put on new clothes to-day,  
Call, call me forth to you;  
For I would bear myself the way  
Your trimmest blossoms do.

Ye nobly peopled woods,  
And stately thronged dells,  
Moods of grand oak and beech-tree—moods  
Of lofty pines whose music swells  
To the hale wind's repeated pleasure,  
When all their tops keep time and measure—  
Are moods that I would learn to share,  
Then call me forth, ye trees;  
Teach me grave bows and curtseys fair  
As those ye give the breeze.

T. STURGE MOORE.

## WINNOWER'S SONG TO THE WINDS

(From Joachim du Bellay)

LIGHT flock, to you I sing,  
Ye winds with fleeting wing,  
Who thro' the world do fly,  
And whisperingly make  
Sweet murmur, as ye shake  
The shadowed greenery.

I bring you flowerets—  
Lilies, and violets,  
And here are roses new;  
Sweet roses newly blown  
Of hue vermillion,  
And pink carnations too.

Come with your sweet blowing  
To this my winnowing:  
Breathe o'er my lands and home!  
The while I toil and sweat  
To winnow out my wheat  
In the hot noon-tide, come!

A. E. J. R.

## TWO OLD SONGS OF MAY

(From the Gaelic)

ONE of the most beautiful of old Gaelic poems is an Ecstasy of Spring composed no one knows how many generations before the lyric voices of Elizabeth's day. The name of the poet a thousand years ago went away like a blossom on that swift river which fills the pools of oblivion. Perhaps even then it was hardly remembered, for the singer is often but the fleeting shadow who sang of a star, while the star remains. This Ecstasy of Spring is known as the May Day Song, and it is recorded in an old Gaelic MS. of the later part of the ninth or beginning of the tenth century, though how much older it is than this MS. none knows. The MS. is called "Macgnímartha Finn," and recounts the Boyish Exploits of Finn, the great warrior-king of the Gael, the Gaelic Nimrod. This narrative in Middle-Irish has been translated by Dr. Kuno Meyer in "Eriu," vol. i. Pt. 2, who gives there also a portion of the May Song. It is to be found intact in the "Four Songs" translated by this

indefatigable Celtic student, who brings the light of poetry into his most severely difficult work . . . and how difficult old Gaelic is to translate few can realise. If any present reader knows modern Gaelic, with its confusing complexity, its puzzling spelling, its singular inversions and habitual pleonasm, let him see what he could make of ancient Gaelic so crudely concise as

"Tànic sàmh(h) slàn sòer,  
dìà mbi cìleàn caill ciar,  
lìngid ag sùg sùid  
dìà mbi rèid ròn rian."

He will almost certainly find it incomprehensible. The other day I read slowly to a Gaelic islesman the following two quatrains (from another old-Irish poem):

"Maidid glass for each lus,  
bìleach d'oss d'aire glais:  
tānic sām(h), rōfāith gaim  
gonit coin ciulinn caiss."

"Canaid lon d'ron dord  
dìà mbi forbb caill cerb,  
sūanaid ler lonn liac(h)  
foling iach breac bedc."

On a second and slower reading, dwelling on each word, he got nothing more from the first quatrain than what he had already got—"there will be something about a flower (*lus*) and a dog (*coin*) and maybe holly (*ciulinn*)."  
In the second, *lon* was easily recognisable as a blackbird: but he did not even guess at any more except to make a mistake in *brec*, first thinking it the familiar Gaelic name for a trout (*breac*) and then thinking it might be the old word for a wolf (also *breac*, for one of the meanings of the word is "brindled"), where as here it is the adjective "speckled" qualifying "salmon" (*iach*), a name which naturally he did not know. And what this islesman, a Gael with very little English, and in a sense learned, for he could read Gaelic well and even that with old-fashioned spelling and obsolete words, could not do, I do not think even a specialist in modern Gaelic could do. But the crude jerky quatrains are full of poetic feeling, as word by word unfolded for us out of the past by Dr. Kuno Meyer:

"Green bursts out on every herb,  
The top of the green oakwood is bushy,  
Summer is come, winter has gone,  
Twisted hollies wound the hound."

"The blackbird sings a loud strain,  
To him the live wood is a heritage;  
The sad excited sea sleeps,  
The speckled salmon leaps."

(literally, and Dr. Meyer might as well have so rendered his translation: "Breaks greenness on every herb" . . . "arrived is summer, gone is winter" . . . "Sings the blackbird a strain loudly" . . . "sleeps the sea, sad, heaving"—for *liac* may mean that rather than "excited," which does not go with *sūanaid*, "sleeps.")

In this old poetry the observation is always very close, and what we should call unconventional, as "*Eorbrìt brain, tānic sām(h)*" . . . "Ravens flourish, summer has come"—which is every whit as true, and in the northlands of the Gael even more true, than the identification of May-tide with the often refraining cuckoo, the often tardy swallow. But of the cuckoo, also, the old poetry can speak revealingly; for if, as seems likely, the word *mbind* can be rendered "drowsy" (or "softly tender"), the line "*canaid cūi cēol mbind mblāith*," "singeth the cuckoo a drowsy sweet music," is full of the heat of the summer days that come in May.

In giving my version, as concisely and in as brief a metre as practicable, of this old-world Song of May, after the redaction of Kuno Meyer, I am aware of how much is missed even though I have tried to retain the most distinctive phrases, as that lovely phrase in the seventh quatrain "where the talk of the rushes is come." I cannot improve upon Dr. Meyer's version, but mine is an effort to translate into rhymed quatrains the old Gaelic song in a metre as succinct as that of the original, to keep to the

sense always, and to the actual words where practicable. When I have changed these, it has been to the loss of the old poet; e.g., his dust-coloured cuckoo does not personify summer, and call her a queen. It says: "Welcome, splendid summer." But in the main I have tried to keep to the original.

" May, clad in cloth of gold,  
Cometh this way:  
The fluting of blackbirds  
Heralds the day.

" The dust-coloured cuckoo  
Cries ' Welcome, O Queen !'  
For winter has vanished,  
The thickets are green.

" Soon the trampling of cattle  
Where the river runs low !  
The long hair of the heather,  
The canna like snow !

" Wild waters are sleeping,  
Foam of blossom is here :  
Peace, save the panic  
In the heart of the deer.

" The wild-bee is busy,  
The ant honey spills,  
The wandering kine  
Are abroad on the hills.

" The harp of the forest  
Sounds low, sounds sweet :  
Soft bloom on the heights ;  
On the loch, haze of heat.

" The waterfall dreams :  
Snipe, corncrakes, drum  
By the pool where the talk  
Of the rushes is come.

" The swallow is swooping ;  
Song swings from each brae :  
(?) Rich harvest of mast falls ;  
The swamp shimmers gay.

" Happy the heart of man,  
Eager each maid :  
Lovely the forest,  
The wild plane, the green glade.

" Truly winter is gone,  
Come the time of delight,  
The summer-truce joyous,  
May, blossom-white.

" In the heart of the meadows  
The lapwings are quiet :  
A winding stream  
Makes drowsy riot.

" Race horses, sail, run,  
Rejoice and be bold !  
See, the shaft of the sun  
Makes the water-flag gold.

" Loud, clear, the blackcap ;  
The lark trills his voice—  
Hail, May of delicate colours !  
'Tis May-Day—Rejoice !"

The other old Gaelic May-poem is not ancient, but is certainly over a hundred and thirty, and may be about two hundred years old. I came upon it the other day through the courtesy of an unknown correspondent in America. This gentleman caught sight of a little leather-bound volume in a second-hand bookshop in New York, and was puzzled at the language in which the poems it contained appeared. Well he might be at first, he not having the Gaelic, for the title runs "Comh-Chruinneachidh Orannaigh Gaidhealach," and how was he to know that the imprint at the bottom of the page, "Duneidiunn M.DCC.LXXVI.," is merely Edinburgh? He was good enough to ascertain an address to which he could forward the book to me, and in his letter said that he thought it only right that this forlorn exile should return to its own land. And right glad was I to have it so. This little volume of Gaelic minstrelsy is "Le Raonuill Macdomhnuill, ann 'N Eilean Eigg," i.e., by Ronald Macdonald of the Isle of Eigg, that beautiful precipitous island of the Inner Hebrides which so many years ago now Hugh Miller made

famous in his geological "Cruise of the Betsy." Or, rather, it was compiled by him; for the poets of the songs and poems in this volume are for the most part as nameless, as well as tameless and rude and wild, as the makers of the border-ballads. The contents are diversified too: now one comes on a *Iorram*, or boat-chant, now on a *Marbh-rann* or threnody, now on a love-song such as the "Oran gaoil le Mac Cailein d'inghein Mhic Dhonuill Ilea," or a feudal song so well known as the "Oran le Inghin Alastair ruaigh do Mac Lèoid" ("Song by the Daughter of Alexander the Red—i.e., the famous Mary Macleod—to the Macleod"). The book is a delight if only for its quaint wild-swan like primitive refrains or chorus effects, e.g.:

" Holibh o iriag o ilil o,  
Holibh o iriag o ro thi,  
Holibh o iriag o ilil o,  
Smeorach le clann  
Raonuill mi."

which may well have been caught from the *smeorach* (thrush) itself: or this other *luinneag*:

" Hi il u il agus o,  
Hi il o ho ri nan,  
Hi il u il agus o  
Fa lil o hu lil o  
Ho ri ghealladh hi il an."

But to the Maytide poem! It is nameless, as to author; and is entitled simply "Oran an 't Samhraidh." It is, however, too long, and in its metrical skill too involved and continuously alliterate to be rendered into English here. So I do no more than give the drift of it, for in the opening stanzas is to be found the essential part of the whole poem. I may add that in the first stanza here "son o' the wind" is a poetic simile for the bagpipes (or here, perhaps, the *feadan*, the whistle or flute of the pipes): and that, in the third, May is, Gaelic fashion, personified as a youth.

" At break of day when all the woods are wet,  
When every bush is shining white,  
When in a silver maze the grass is set,  
And the sun's golden light  
Floods the green vale,  
Lift, lift along the dewy grassy trail  
The cheerful music of the son o' the wind,  
Till, in the forest, floating voices sail,  
And vanishing echoes haunt the old rocks stern and blind.

" Let the fresh windy birch her odours breathe,  
Her shimmering leaves ablaze:  
Let the wide branchy beech with sunbeams seethe  
While clustered cattle gaze,  
The sunshine on them too:  
Let yonder thrush that flew  
Carry the tidings of the golden day  
Till not a glen or copse heart-turning to the blue  
But thrills with the green rapturous loveliness of May.

" When evening falls, what bell is't rings so clear? . . .  
The cuckoo tolling down day's ebbing tide.  
And what is that glad call, so near? . . .  
The Mavis with his rain  
Of song thrown far and wide.  
And what these blooms May gathers to his side,  
And with his sweet warm breath doth redly stain? . . .  
Roses, red roses, culled from hill and plain,  
Roses, white roses dipt in dew, for May's awaiting bride."

FIONA MACLEOD.

## THE SCHILLER CENTENARY IN GERMANY

THE German newspapers and magazines are just now full of articles on Schiller, the centenary of whose death fell on May 9. The *Litterarische Echo* sent forth requests to great men in various lands for a statement of the influence on them of Schiller and his works. Three Englishmen—Lord Goschen, George Meredith, and George Moore—responded to the call.

Lord Goschen writes:

"Apart from some of his youthful literary extravagances and aberrations, Schiller stands out as one of the purest writers who ever

achieved immortal fame. But the key to Schiller's immense hold on the imagination of the German people is not to be found in his literary supremacy alone. Goethe has done more for literature, Schiller more for national life and humanity. Schiller was, in a sense, a national prophet who felt in advance, aye, and prepared in advance, the greater life, the freer existence, the future possibilities, within the reach of his German *Vaterland*. His gospel was a gospel of duty and high purpose. To this day he wields a vast influence for good over German youth. They could have no nobler teacher, and to the world at large he still stands out as a glorious figure on a pedestal which a hundred years have left unshaken, with laurels on his brow still green; and long may it be before iconoclastic criticism, or misty unintelligibilities, or the hard and heartless teaching of materialism weaken the hold on generations to come of Schiller, the poet and the man."

George Meredith writes:

"After the *Sturm und Drang* of Schiller's youth, a mental equilibrium conducing to a noble rectitude set in, and that has made his work of enduring value, *Die Räuber* being but a temporary stimulant. His highest works will surely maintain their influence as literature, and whatever may be thought of the tragedy of *Don Carlos*, the wise words of Marquis Posa remain fresh and sustaining. My personal preference in Schiller's dramas is for *Wallenstein's Lager*. The name of Schiller calls forth that of Goethe, so splendidly fraternal they were, though with qualities in sharp contrast. Their joint labours in the *Xenien*, their constant friendship, are an example for all who are great and would be eminent above the thought of rivalry. Schiller is to me the forceful pure well-spring, Goethe the Alp of the upper snows and flowering vales; the one poet and hero; the other poet and sage. Happy is Germany in having such a couple to head and inspire her young. Changes there must be, but the Germany that could produce those two assures the world that she has in her breast others to follow. Glasses will be raised in England on the day of the Schiller centenary in close sympathy with the Fatherland."

George Moore declares that he has never read a line of Schiller in his life, but it would be rash for any one to conclude that he had no opinion about him. The name Frederick Schiller inspired in him an instinctive distrust, yet he is sure that Schiller's works are full of all those sterling qualities which make works classical and unreadable. We can only deplore utterances of such very doubtful humour, and trust that the German nation will not take them for an expression of the cultivated opinion of England.

Maeterlinck's reply to the same question is an interesting piece of criticism. He writes:

"Schiller est le type du grand poète normal. Quand on commence la lecture d'une de ses œuvres on a l'impression que l'on sait d'avance ce qu'il va dire. Il n'apporte rien d'imprévu; mais il dit mieux que nul n'eût pu le faire ce que tout le monde aurait dit. Il est le grand poète général et universel, d'équilibre parfait. Dans la littérature mondiale, au milieu de génies plus exceptionnels, plus puissants, plus originaux, plus pénétrants, plus profonds, il marque le niveau des plus hautes marées de la grande santé lyrique."

## MUSICAL COPYRIGHT AND SUMMARY JURISDICTION

THE present crisis in the music trade is sufficiently acute to raise the whole question of summary procedure in cases of infringement of copyright. The absence of any effective powers under the Music (Summary Proceedings) Copyright Act 1902; the defeat of the Amending Bill; and the incredible supineness of the Government have given so startling an impetus to the traffic in piratical songs as to paralyse the entire trade. Mr. Akers Douglas has flippantly ventured to doubt the importance of the question at all, and those *chevaliers d'industrie* who trade upon the shortcomings of the law will, we may rest assured, hasten to secure their ill-gotten gains. Nor will copyright music alone be exploited. Popular works are just as much at the mercy of the pirate. For, unless the copies have been unlawfully imported, none of the Copyright Acts give any right of search. Only the other day Mr. Rudyard Kipling's "Barrack Room Ballads" was openly hawked in the streets with impunity and without, as far as we are aware, any proceedings being instituted against the offenders, who lay *perdu* while the hawkers plied their trade with brazen-voiced audacity.

The grievance is not limited to these two cases. Plays are openly stolen, travestied, or pirated without any practical remedy. Popular titles are given to preposterous versions, and, conversely, well-known favourites are performed under the thin disguise of another name. The real owners have no remedy against the lessees of theatres, while the offenders hie to fresh woods and pastures new before they can be served with a writ. At the personal instance of the leading managers the draft Copyright Bill which the Government has pigeon-holed, provides drastic summary remedies. But the whole business serves to illustrate the fatuity which has stigmatised our copyright legislation as a byword. None of these Acts provide any summary remedy for the patent infringement of literary, artistic, dramatic, or musical copyright. Neither a policeman nor a magistrate has any terrors for pirates deliberately appropriating a book, a work of art, a play, or a song. It is merely idle to talk of actions for damages against undisclosed defendants or to apply for injunctions to restrain the commission of offences indistinguishable from larceny.

A summary machinery, it is true, exists under the Newspaper Acts which, although clumsy, might, if effectively enforced, serve a useful turn. For the Newspaper Acts apply to "books," and a sheet of music is a "book" under the Copyright Acts. Everybody knows that a printer of any newspaper or book omitting to print his name and address thereon is liable to fine on summary proceedings instituted by the Attorney- or Solicitor-General. And the same remedies can be enforced against any one "publishing or dispersing" or assisting therein. It may be somewhat cold comfort to persons who are being robbed of their own property to tell them to go in search of the Law Officers of the Crown and secure their co-operation, but unless "the law" is to be made more of "an ass" than ever it is incredible that on duly certified information consent would be withheld. A single conviction against a single street hawk would suffice to stop the whole traffic.

But, if so, this does not settle the question of principle. Mr. James Caldwell, emulous of an unenviable notoriety, has ventured into ethical arguments in defence of his irreconcilable attitude and discourses with an affectation of profound knowledge about "monopolies." The late Mr. Herbert Spencer exposed the fallacy of this argument against the principle of copyright property. In his "Views Concerning Copyright" he remarks:

"The monopolist is a man who stands in the way of some one who, in the natural order of things, would be able to carry on some business in his absence just as well as in his presence. The free trader is one who needs no help aid from the monopolist, but simply wishes to do that which he could do did the monopolist not exist. But one who, wishing to reprint an author's book, calls the author a monopolist for preventing him, stands in a widely different position. He proposes not simply to use his powers with the aid of such natural resources as are open to every one. He proposes to use that which would not exist but for the author. It is, therefore, an utter misuse of the word to call the author's claim a monopoly."

The bargain between copyright owners and Parliament has been fortunately placed beyond the possibility of doubt. Copyright was made the creature of statute and came under statutory restrictions in order to secure statutory protection and obviate the necessity for proceedings at common law or in Chancery with their prodigious costliness and intolerable delay. The Copyright Acts took the place of the Licensing Acts, which, while they restrained the liberty of the press, protected the rightful owners of copyright property. In short, copyright has a stronger claim to protection now that it is a State-restricted right. The State imposed an arbitrary limitation upon its enjoyment in place of the rights at law which were illimitable and, therefore, during the whole period of user, the State is under the most solemn obligations to secure to owners quiet enjoyment.

Mr. Akers Douglas obviously regards English composers as people of no importance. Would foreign masters backed by all the influence of their own countries come within the same category? We are, it seems, on the eve of a period of unbridled licence and we shall only have ourselves to

blame if we do not secure tangible assurances of immediate reform. The petition of the Musical Defence League in the face of the Government's *non possumus* must be so supported that it cannot be ignored.

W. MORRIS COLLES.

## A LITERARY CAUSERIE

### CHARACTER AND STYLE

THE other day I was turning over the pages of that handsome and yet moderately priced edition of Fielding's works, which is issued by Messrs. Gay and Bird, when I began to reflect on the very great contrast between the novels of the twentieth and the novels of the eighteenth centuries. As far as I know, a great many of the offensive words, such as realist, idealist, romanticist, symbolist, now in common use in literary circles, had not been invented in the days of Fielding and his friend David Garrick. But it may be asked why the epithet "offensive" is applied to them, and the answer is perfectly simple. The words to which I have referred are the formulæ of people who, whatever be the extent of their studies, are in the strictest meaning of the word illiterate. They endeavour to map out the world of intellect into districts and counties, where each writer is king of one little patch, and they throw the burden of distinguishing, not upon capacity and temperament, where it ought to be, but upon mere method. The consequence is that all these descriptive adjectives are more or less false. When we say that Emile Zola was a realist we do not mean that he presented the realities of life, because the realities of life embrace the poet as well as the clodhopper, and are of the spirit as well as of the flesh. Tears, and faith, and hope belong to human life just as much as desire, and greed, and envy. So the novelist who looks out on life clearly and with his own eyes will never be exclusively one thing or another. To speak truly it is necessary to see truly, and before any man can see truly he must understand exactly what are the limits of his own vision. But this is only a new translation of the old Latin tag, "*ne sutor supra crepidam*." It is a very simple-looking truth, and yet what we call sincerity in art depends upon its recognition. What day passes in which we do not see men without a vestige of dramatic talent trying to write plays? They will tell you, too, that they have succeeded because of the crowds that are attracted. They can measure neither themselves nor the value of the verdict of groundlings which they have gained.

In the same manner we may see an absolutely prosaic person pluming himself upon his ability to write poetry, quite unaware of the dull mechanism of his lines. He does not understand his limitations. Now it was the first merit of Fielding that he absolutely knew what he didn't know, and refused to attempt what he was unsuited to produce. That, of course, refers to the middle period of his life. During the ignorance of hot youth he had tried to be a dramatic writer, and had, broadly speaking, failed—the talents that make a playwright being quite other than those which produce a novelist. But then Fielding found out that his genius was epic in nature, and that his mind was constructed so as to produce the most brilliant narrative, yet without the faculty of unfolding a story by action and conversation alone. Moreover he knew his own limitations as an observer of life and of nature. He seems, as far as we can see, to have felt little of the poet's ecstasy in regard to stars, and moon, and falling water, and rustling breeze, and echo; he had just sufficient sympathy to admire the poetry they give rise to in the greatest writers, and to adorn his own tale with a mockery of it that was too clever to be offensive. The "things of the spirit" generally were beyond his ken. We could not imagine him creating a Hamlet, or a Macbeth, and he would have spoiled his novels if he had introduced into them any characters of those types. Had he met them in real life, we can fancy with what

kindly mockery his eyes would have gleamed. But he knew the boundaries of his world and was careful not to overstep them. The sincerity which kept him in his proper region also purified his style. There is no better narrative extant than his. Yet over many of the story-teller's usual resources he had scarcely any command. Pathos he scarce ever attempted, and when he did, was ever without the art of Sterne, who at the same moment could command laughter as well as tears. Nor had he that direct appeal to the very heart of things which is the dearest possession of the poet. We cannot imagine Fielding at any time forgetting his pursuits and his pleasures to dream in wistfulness over the meaning of life, its sadness and tragedy, the charm with which it attracts at one moment, the disgust and repugnance it inspires at another. These, to adopt the phrase used in one of the witty initial essays in "Tom Jones," were not in his bill of fare, and the reader therefore has no right to expect them.

What he does find is a great gentleman; and, in spite of the company he kept at one time of his life, the cook he married, the questionable pleasures he indulged in, Fielding remained that to the end. He had equally lived the life of a town rake and of a country squire. But when he came to write novels he was detached from all this. I figure him often in his great armchair curious as to the proceedings of his fellow men but tolerant of their weaknesses, and greeting even their worst actions with something of the cynicism of the man "who has been there." He claimed in the famous introduction to "Joseph Andrews" to be a prose poet, and the claim must be admitted if we accept his idea of poetry as a good one. His "comic epic poem" contains "fable, action, character, sentiment and diction, and is deficient in metre only." But had he more closely approached the conception of the poet as the Seer or Interpreter, this vision of a passing world, beheld, so to speak, from a distant outlying crag, must have been tinted with the colours of the westering sun that spring from vain regret, from the feeling of transience—"shadows we are and shadows we pursue"—from youth that passes and hopes that die and the other high thoughts of life. They were not for him. He is a great gentleman, but nothing more; his is not "the vision or the faculty divine."

The man and the style, however, which are one and the same, may be traced in the famous piece of criticism to which I have referred. He discovers to us there that his greatest bugbear is affectation, a thing which is fathered either by vanity or hypocrisy. It is a good foundation, and it leads him to follow Nature, to be absolutely natural with unequalled devotion. There is no "tearing a passion to tatters" in his work, and the romantic and realistic are noted only to be made the butt of his ridicule. So in his language. Few novelists have been so sparing of adjectives and epigrams. It is a lesson in composition to place a page of his work beside that of any modern writer, George Eliot, for example. Mechanically to count the adjectives is to bring out the simplicity of the old master. And this quality has made him immortal as a humorist. The danger besetting every writer of caricature or burlesque is that of extravagance or over-statement. It was the ruin of Dickens as a writer and has proved disastrous to his crowd of followers and imitators. How did Fielding avoid it? He was a natural "stylist", the foolish may reply, for the very word "stylist" is foolish. It is a key to the artificial in modern literature, and the ambition of the young writer of to-day to be a stylist is to a large extent due to Stevenson's playing the "sedulous ape." A weak man makes up a style that he thinks will win him admiration. He studies the style of this man and of that, stealing a bit here and a bit there, and mingling them into a passable imitation of a style. The critic is shocked because the huge uncritical British public, which puts up with "fakes" of all kinds, accepts the trash for genuine as readily as it buys *objets d'art* "made in Germany," and as it likes a much ornamented "mixed-up" house more than one built on fine and simple lines.

Fielding did not play the sedulous ape to anybody

although there is evidence enough in his work of an intelligent study of Cervantes, Le Sage, Scarron and others. Instead he went to the fountain head, for "a comic writer should of all others be the least excused for deviating from nature." This, then, was his study: to see human nature so clearly that the affectations and hypocrisies of life concealed it no more than the stream does a salmon on its bed of gravel, and to describe it with the unforced naturalness of his own mind. In other words he was true to himself and gave us a picture of the world that is alive with his vitality. It was not the mock-heroic he delighted in, but the real heroic which may be imitated only by those of his Titanic stature. Tennyson complained that "all can grow the flower now for all have got s. ed," but the flower of Fielding's prose never can be grown by any one else—since it has its origin and abiding place in his own individuality. He was the father of the English novel, not of the sentimental French type; and those who inherited his traditions, Sir Walter Scott, and Thackeray, and to a less extent Dickens and George Eliot, followed his example, inasmuch as each retained and kept true to a self of his or her own while learning all that it was in them to acquire from their great predecessor. But to this day his English is unapproached. Scott hardly comes into competition, though his conversations are as good as anything of their kind out of Shakespeare; Thackeray has the slightest suspicion of being "made up;" George Eliot reminds one of a portly female straining and striving to keep step with her male companions. But easy and gay and ironical Fielding holds his place without apparent effort.

A.

## FICTION

*Rose of the World.* By AGNES and EGERTON CASTLE. (Smith Elder. 6s.)

To turn the pages of this, the latest novel by the authors of "The Secret Orchard," "The Pride of Jennico," "Young April," and "The Bath Comedy," is to be struck afresh by the versatility of their genius. It is a far cry from eighteenth-century Bath to modern India; from charming, elementary Kitty Bellairs to complex, inscrutable Rosamond Gerardine; from Denis O'Hara, who flaunted that impressionable Irish heart of his so ostentatiously upon his sleeve, to Harry English, a man whose inner self was known only to her he loved.

But if the book now under discussion presents a striking contrast to its predecessor, it contains within itself more noteworthy contrasts still; it is indeed a study of anti-thesis, of metamorphosis. At the outset, when Raymond Bethune, the *deus ex machina* of the story, enters Lady Gerardine's drawing-room, leaving the town which hangs "like a great rose jewel scintillating, palpitating in the heat," we have the contrast between "the glare, the colour, the movement, the noise . . . the throng of smells—spice, scent, garlic," and "the dim cool room" which Lady Gerardine's fastidious fancy has transformed into an elusive likeness of an English drawing-room. The glamour of the East takes possession of us in the opening chapters, yet the tale grows most enthralling when the scene is shifted from Northern India to the "Old Ancient House" on the Dorset Downs. It is there in that tranquil, grey-walled manor-house, where all was "frankly, beautifully old . . . perfect in antique shabbiness . . . in that old silent house haunted only by a memory, a presence," that we reach the greatest heights of passion and tragedy. For the memory, the presence, that haunts the place is that of the husband of Rosamond's youth. And absorbing as is the narrative, the main interest of the book is centred in the development of Rosamond herself, the gradual awakening of her woman's nature.

A retrospect set before us by a few deft touches enables us to realise Rosamond Tempest, the seventeen-year-old

bride so hastily wooed by Harry English, Captain of Guides; a beautiful penniless child, whose only thought during the days of his brief passionate courtship was "of sailing away from that sordid genteel abode," where she had been misunderstood and unhappy, "back to fair India, the land of her dreams."

"This is the truth: you never loved me, but you are still a child," wrote the husband, from that far-away mountain fort where, in the second year of their marriage, he found himself besieged. "I never kissed you but you turned me your cheek. Now it breaks upon me like a wave that, if God only gave me ten minutes more with you, I could teach you how to love . . . Oh, my darling, you wept when I left you . . . In that hour of grief you left me your lips at last, but they were open lips like a child's; what could they give me—who wanted your woman's soul?"

These lines, penned with such fervent agony of longing by a man whom death stared in the face, were never read by that beautiful undeveloped wife of his until ten years after the hero of Baroghil had fallen beneath the Ghazis' swords.

"The journals he had kept for her during the endless months of siege; the letters he had written to her, never to post; his notes; sundry trifling belongings marked with that poignant personal touch which seems to inflict the hardest pain of all" . . . Rosamond English "in her nausea of misery, her rebellion against the unaccepted, unrealisable sorrow, could not look at them, could not touch the poor memorials. She had thrust them back in the battered box away from her sight."

And there they remained until Fate in the shape of Raymond Bethune, Harry English's friend, sought out Rosamond Gerardine in the Indian palace where she dwelt in tedious state with her new fond, tyrannical lord, and having need of important material for the life of his comrade, which he was about to write, forced her to read them in order to select such passages as were essential to his task. Then follows the catastrophe:

"There are women apart, women who unite with their own innate spirituality a virile capacity of feeling; who can love fiercely and suffer as fiercely. Of such was Rosamond. And she had been called to suffering before her undeveloped girl-nature had had time to lay hold on love. . . . The Nemesis of her nature had come upon her now; and she was to be fulfilled to herself after so many years at this moment of her woman's maturity, with a handful of relics and the dust and the smell of the distant Indian fort upon them."

And indeed no one can read that siege diary without acknowledging that Harry English was a fine fellow. It is scarcely possible to believe that this journal is not an actual document, so vivid is it, so natural, so businesslike, the items jotted down in bald, matter-of-fact fashion as though they did not deal with such soul-stirring facts. Reading it, one feels that thus indeed would this man have written, as simply, as graphically; but patriot and hero as he was, he was also a lover. Not a page of this record of privation and strife but bore a special message to his wife:

. . . "Then, even then, upholding my country's flag, the fury of my thoughts was all with you: 'If the flag falls I shall never see her again.' . . . 'The hunger is nothing, it's the thirst . . . Last night I think I had a touch of fever; you were so mixed up in my mind with my thirst that it seemed to me it was the want of you that made me suffer so much—I found myself, found my dry tongue, calling for you, clamouring out loud in the silence.'"

What wonder that Rosamond Gerardine, dragged unwillingly downstairs to entertain the guests whom her second husband has convened in the home consecrated to that sacred memory, should feel her soul sicken within her. "I am sick . . . oh, to see you all eat and drink . . .!"

This is, perhaps, the finest book that Mr. and Mrs. Egerton Castle have as yet produced—daring, original, moving. The plot is developed with that reticence which is the soul of art; the tension is relieved by delightful touches of humour, charming descriptions of scenery, clever character-drawing. Space forbids us to dwell at length upon the minor personages, but a word must be said for Aspasia, who in her fresh simplicity presents such a contrast to her beautiful, mysterious aunt; Sir Arthur, who, "upon the slightest premises and with limited reasoning faculties, formed unalterable views of life;" M. Chatelard, the genial

French savant. No portrait in all the gallery is more delicately touched in than this of the author of "*La Psychologie Féminine des Races*," who draws such characteristic and deliciously inaccurate conclusions from the hypothesis which he has formulated for himself.

*Shining Ferry.* By "Q." (Hodder and Stoughton, 6s.)

HAD we read all of this novel but—let us say—the last third of it, we should cheerfully and confidently have pronounced it to be amongst Mr. Quiller-Couch's best work. He exploits once more his favourite Duchy; and he writes with all his accustomed zest and mastery of his favoured theme. The chief characters are excellently drawn, the quaintnesses of local minor character touched in with a loving and skilful hand. Local colour is suggested rather than laboriously emphasised, as only so experienced an artist could suggest it. The handling of the book, in fact, as we have indicated, is in the writer's best style; the interest, up to a certain point, is sustained unfailingly and naturally. Yet we laid it down, at last, with a sense of blank disappointment. For in the last third or so of the book the interest, to our mind, suddenly filters away. The fault is one of structure. Mr. Quiller-Couch has begun the book on a scale which, for its due working-out, would need almost a second volume perhaps half as long again. The scale is sustained for about two-thirds of the novel; and then, under the necessity for a speedy finish, the design is contracted, and the book seems to collapse rather than end. Nor is this all. We experience a kindred disappointment in the very character of the novel. Mr. Quiller-Couch appears to purpose in the outset a serious study of character in the grip of situation: the inception and unfolding of the situation are carefully and fully developed, and our expectation as to his purpose is maintained, until we reach that turning-point in the closing third of the story. Then, having got his situation, the author throws it away. Tired (one might think) of his work, he drops all appearance of serious intention, and the book ends conventionally on a thin love-interest as a slight, if pleasant example of the novel of commerce. One is puzzled, with a sense of unkept promise. The interest of the novel dribbles out along several lines, none of which assumes a principal position and concentrates attention. All this is a pity; for till the disaster of the conclusion the book has really held attention, and seemed secure of excellence. And it is all done, seemingly, because Mr. Quiller-Couch had bethought himself of the necessity for a somewhat delayed love-business, and found that he could not satisfactorily finish his novel on the scale on which he had been writing it. That may not be so; but such is the effect on the reader. And such is the reason why we are disappointed with what is in large measure a well-written book, with plenty of character and written in excellent English.

*The Grey Brethren: and Other Fragments in Prose and Verse.* By MICHAEL FAIRLESS. (Duckworth, 2s. 6d.)

THESE posthumous "fragments" of the lady who wrote under the name of Michael Fairless, very diverse in literary form, are (as the editor says) united by a common and very winning personality. Throughout one feels the breath of a very gentle womanliness, "steadfast and demure" in the Miltonic sense of the latter, now degenerate, word, and the unclamorous endeavour after the higher life. They are only fragments in the sense of being heterogeneous in literary character, brief and obviously incidental in their manner of production. But all are quite complete in their slight kind. Though slender and unambitious, they are written in a refined style which is the natural effluence of a refined personality; and if not quite strong enough for all that is implied in the exacting term "distinguished," the style has yet a touch of distinction, such as comes from an habitual mental asceticism, electing only the things of good repute. With an earnest natural religiousness, and a high ethical sense, "Michael Fairless" combines a certain grace and sweetness of fancy, in the fairy

stories sometimes happily playful. Her imaginative faculty (in the stricter sense of that variously used phrase) is not strong, but rather gentle and feminine. In all she writes there is a pervading atmosphere of domesticity; the sense of the home is never far from her, as it is, indeed, the most native of womanly interests. "*The Grey Brethren*," which gives its title to the volume, is a tenderly and reticently touched reminiscence of two maiden ladies, with a certain dove-like shimmer of high quietude over it all. "*A German Christmas Eve*" is a descriptive sketch of characteristic domestic charm. "*A Christmas Idyll*" is an imaginative fantasy full of fine ethical feeling and thoughtful religion. It is the most ambitious of these papers; but while it is never merely cheap, it is subject to the remarks we have already made on the writer's imaginative limits. "*Luvly Miss*" is a sketch in quite another kind, the simple record of a poor child, dying from an accident, and her devout worship of an altogether ridiculous doll. But it is done with a true and unstudied pathos, the story being allowed to tell itself. The poems, as a whole, are the least successful work in the volume. Yet the "*Lark's Song*" has a soul of simple joy with some not too remote kinship to Blake; and "*Spring*" also has its freshness. There is genuine feeling in these poems, but an insufficient magic. Better, in some respects best of all, we think, are the "*Four Stories Told to Children*." In the fairy story Michael Fairless's unforced fancy blends naturally with her moral earnestness, yet there is no suspicion of the preachiness which children loathe. "*Tinkle-Tinkle*" has a quiet and serious beauty; "*Discontented Daffodils*" is very good of its kind. And "*The Dreadful Griffin*," for once, shows the writer in a vein of genuine laughter and extravagance at play. No child but would accompany the recital with delighted mirth. It is a story altogether different from the horse-play and tasteless clowning with which would-be followers of Lewis Carroll have made children too familiar; a story full of the simple fun which they love. Not the least of Michael Fairless's qualities as a child's writer is this gift of simplicity. She does not write down to the child, but feels with it. And that is nowadays rare in a sophisticated age.

*The House of Barnkirk.* By AMY McLAREN. (Duckworth, 6s.)

HERE we have a delightful picture of a charming family, consisting of a mother and three children who have settled in a beautiful old house in the Lowlands; and are on terms of intimacy with the surrounding gentry, Sir Wyndham, to whom the House of Barnkirk belongs, Lady Jean Mowbray, and a Captain Anson, whose birth is wrapped in mystery. A mystery of some kind would seem inevitable—to stimulate the interest of a large number of readers, no doubt—but it is certain that the book would be a much better one without that element, which is somewhat far-fetched and unconvincing, in so far as it would be a far truer picture of life. For, in our opinion, Miss McLaren writes so well that it is unnecessary for her to have recourse to well-worn devices of uninhabited rooms and secret marriages to gain a hearing for her work. She has the gift of making her characters charming and lifelike; there is a sureness of touch in her delineation of them which is not often met with; and though she does not probe deeply into them, they all possess a distinctive personality. This is not an easy thing to achieve; it cannot be done without an insight that comes from a power of observation and much sympathy. She would do well to cultivate and develop these gifts, and, aiming at a higher mark, she would be able to step out of the well-filled ranks of the mere storyteller. As it is she has written a pleasant enough tale, with material in it that seems rather wasted when it serves to usher in sensation which is quite commonplace, and not particularly well executed compared with the excellence of the treatment of the characters of Lady Jean Mowbray, Mrs. Beaton and her two daughters, Geraldine and Louisa. We shall look forward with interest to the appearance of Miss McLaren's next novel.

## THE BOOKSHELF

ANY collection of extracts from the drama of the Elizabethan period must inevitably court comparison with that made by Charles Lamb. Mr. W. H. Williams, in his *Specimens of the Elizabethan Drama* (Clarendon Press, 7s. 6d.), handicaps himself at the outset by making his collection supplementary to Lamb's. One doubts whether such a work is necessary. Lamb's "Specimens" are by no means faultless in the eyes of later students, but the fact that they acted as a finger-post, and the first finger-post of their kind, is more than sufficient justification for their existence. But what was new territory at the beginning of the nineteenth century is not by any means new territory at the beginning of the twentieth. Very few of the dramatists noticed by Mr. Williams (and they range from Lyly to Shirley) are not available in more or less complete editions to any one who cares to study them; whereas Lamb had to hunt for more than a third part of his specimens in copies found only in the British Museum or in private collections. If, therefore, there is room for a new set of specimens, its editor ought to approach his task entirely uninfluenced by Lamb. Lamb's aim was purely æsthetic, but none the less he frequently selected the passage in a play which must appear the most striking to any editor compiling with an educational object in view, and obviously a book which does not contain such passages must be incomplete. To cite the case of Marlowe's *Dr. Faustus*, Lamb includes the soliloquy uttered by Faustus during the last hour of his life, before he pays the penalty of his compact with Mephistopheles, and this accordingly finds no place in Mr. Williams's book. But Mr. Williams does not in our judgment always do the best with the material that his plan leaves him. Lamb does not print, for example, Faustus's apostrophe to Helen and Mr. Williams omits to take the opportunity, which one would have expected him to jump at, of including it. There can be no doubt that the most valuable book of this kind would be one which selected, as Mr. Williams has done, the typical dramatists and gave, as Mr. Williams has not done, the most typical extracts, without regard to Lamb, or, perhaps, gave Lamb's specimens, with additions where they seemed to be necessary. Mr. Williams has, however, elected to supplement Lamb, and it remains for us to see whether he has got the best possible results within his self-imposed limits. We are inclined to think not. He gives a brief biographical account of each dramatist and appends a critical estimate of his style. This is well; but the *Specimens* which follow do not always illustrate the qualities which he has attributed to their authors. He says, for instance, that there is nothing "amateurish" about William Rowley's work; and either we are not at one with him in his understanding of the word amateurish or else he has overlooked the fact that the action of the passage which he gives from *A New Wonder* could hardly have failed to occur to the most ordinary sentimentally inclined amateur in existence. The passage as it stands is apparently stamped with amateurism, and one must read much more of the play to realise the masterliness of its characterisation. We venture to suggest that the work would have gained considerably in value as a handbook for students had it taken a form entirely different from that of Lamb's "Specimens." There is ample room for an extended biographical survey of the dramatists of the Elizabethan period, with an appendix of really illustrative extracts from their writings.

The old wild humours and surprises of collectorship diminish daily. Each corner of what was once a vast, unregulated, rich domain belonging to the lover of the applied arts of the eighteenth century is now parcelled-out, scientifically analysed and reduced to absolute and unromantic order. One tiny island of this fair estate had remained somewhat neglected until recently. Those who collected old English glass had at least some excitement left them, for little had been written on the subject with the exception of Mr. Hartshorne's fine work which was not often consulted by the modest amateur. Since knowledge is but sorrow's spy we hardly know whether or no to congratulate the collector upon the publication of Mr. Percy Bate's admirable work *English Table Glass* (7s. 6d. net) in Messrs. Newnes' "Library of the Applied Arts"; but we can, at least, felicitate the author on having made a book at once pleasing and packed with information, personal and yet of broadest application. Mr. Bate has drawn freely from his own collection for the illustrations—photographs of actual pieces—and also from the stores of his fellow collectors and from examples at the British Museum. Although the result gives many excellent specimens and shows, with agreeable clearness, the genesis of English table glass during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, it is possible that the author could have added to the interest of the book had he gone a little further a-field. At South Kensington we can recall some drinking glasses that might well come within his purview, and in the collection of one of the most enthusiastic and accomplished amateurs of glass, Mr. Charles Edward Jermy, there are some Jacobean examples which might well have helped to elucidate his story and decorate his page. But as a whole the selection is wise. Now that collections are finding their way into the light of day it is apparent that old country houses and disused closets contained a vast deal more of these interesting relics of past domestic life than their brittle quality would lead us to expect. To those who would interest themselves in the glass of our great grand-parents there can be no more agreeable and easily accessible guide than Mr. Bate. If his knowledge and experience will rob the quest of some of its chance delights, his information will prevent many disappointments and his exposition of the subject add a new pleasure to the pursuit of the hobby. As in all the books in this series which we have seen, the type is excellent, the printing of the illustrations above reproach, and the indexing fit and

*Giotto*, by Basil de Sélincourt (Duckworth, 7s. 6d. net). The fact that so many of Giotto di Bondone's early works are lost, or rather have simply faded away, makes it extremely difficult to piece together a consecutive account of his art development. It may, however, be fairly claimed that his new biographer has made the best of the meagre materials at his disposal and has also succeeded in realising to some extent the personality of the gifted master, who shares with his teacher Cimabue the glory of having inaugurated, if not actually the first, undoubtedly the second and more important stage of the great revival of painting in Italy, when artists finally freed themselves from the old hampering Byzantine traditions and dared to follow the leading of their own individual inspiration. The significance of Giotto's affinities with both the schools into which painting in Italy branched off during his life-time is very clearly brought out by Mr. de Sélincourt, who recognises in his pictures—a great number of which are here reproduced—the richness of imagination that distinguished the Florentines with the feeling for grace of form so characteristic of the Siennese. "Essentially an idealist" he observes, Giotto was governed by a wholly different conception of art and human life as well as of the relations between them, "from that of the masters of Sienna." "Whereas," he holds, "the general tendency of Siennese art was to aim at expressing passion in its essence, and to disregard all parts of life in which passion was not the principal feature, it was characteristic of the Florentine attitude to view it as part of a whole, and to aim at raising the whole to the level of the highest element in it." To this new spirit, alien to that which inspired his contemporary and friend Dante, Giotto yielded himself up entirely, and it was in a great measure due to his subjection to it that he became the founder of the ideal Christian art, the interpreter in pictorial form, as the poet was in literature, of spiritual allegory, a leader in thought as well as in art. Perhaps the most typical works of Giotto, in which his peculiar excellences as well as his technical defects are very clearly brought out, are the series of frescoes at Assisi of the life of St. Francis and the so-called Allegories embodying the principles of his teaching. Both are minutely examined by Mr. de Sélincourt, who is careful to make each one of the compositions fully intelligible to his readers and incidentally throws a good deal of light on the attitude of mind in which the painter approached his subjects. The chapter on the frescoes at Padua is also full of interest, and of real value for the student, for it has been too much the custom to assume that the last word in the matter has been said by Ruskin, whereas, as is pointed out by Mr. de Sélincourt, the great writer founded his account not on the paintings themselves, but on woodcuts after them, and was really, when he wrote, insufficiently acquainted with Giotto's work. The useful little monograph closes with what is, perhaps, the ablest section of the book, a very acute analysis of Giotto's influence over others, examining to what extent he combined the creative genius with the faculties of a true teacher, how his very excellence paralysed in his lifetime those unable to breathe in his exalted atmosphere, yet how even after his electric personality was removed, his principles were carried on by men as great, perhaps even greater than himself, amongst whom the painter Orcagna and the sculptor Andrea Pisano were the chief.

## BOOK SALES

At Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkinson and Hodge's Auction Rooms on May 4, 5 and 6 was sold the Library of the late Frederick Clifford, K.C.

The books were of a general character, but included some well-known bibliographical works and a number of books on fine art and especially costumes. The books of interest sold included the following:

The Poster: an Illustrated Monthly Chronicle, 5 vols., 1898-1901. £1 8s.

Richardson's Iconology, 354 Original Drawings (from Lord Crawford's Library), 1779. £5 15s.

A'Beckett (G. A.), Comic History of England. Ill. by Leech. First edition. 1847-1848. £2 4s.

Ackerman's Repository of Arts. Vols. 1 to 14. £5 5s. (Spencer).

Baker's Our Old Actors. Extra illustrated. 1873. £5 12s. 6d. (Young).

Bellamy (G. A.), Apology for the Life of George Anne Bellamy. 1785. £2 2s.

Boccaccio (G.), Il Decamerone. Finely illustrated. 1757. £11 (Howlett).

Clio and Euterpe; or British Harmony. A Collection of Songs. 3 vols. 1762. £3 (Hill).

Combe's Dance of Death. Coloured plates by Rowlandson. First edition. 1815-1816. £7 6s. (Moore).

Combe's Dance of Life. Coloured plates by Rowlandson. First edition. 1817. £3 16s. (Edwards).

Cunningham (Peter), Story of Nell Gwyn. Extra illustrated. 1852. £2 15s. (Sheppard). (This used to be a cheap book until used for extra illustrating).

Dennistoun's Memoirs of the Dukes of Urbino. 3 vols. 1851. £2 5s. (Hill).

Dibdin's books brought small prices, the highest obtained being for *Ædes Althorpania*: an account of the books, &c., at Althorp. £2 2s.

D'Urfe (T.), Pills to purge Melancholy. 6 vols. 1719-1720. £6 17s. 6d. (Thorpe).

Froissart's Chronicles. 1868. £5 (Hill).

- Fouilloux's *La Venerie*. £11 15s. (Leighton).  
 Ackerman's *History of St. Peter's, Westminster*. 1812. £4 (Edwards).  
 Birch's *Heads of Illustrious Persons of Great Britain*. With portraits by Houbraeken and Vertue. 1743. £10 10s. (Lewin).  
 Boydell's *Graphic Illustrations to Shakespeare's Works*. £8 15s. (Edwards).  
 Burlington Fine Arts Club: *Exhibition of Bookbinding*. 1891. £7 15s. (Edwards).  
 Burlington Fine Arts Club: *Catalogue of European Enamels*. £4 18s.  
 Clouet's *Portraits of the Courts of Francis I., Henry II., and Francis II.* 300 portraits. 1875. £3 (Roche).  
 Constable's *English Landscape Scenery*. 1855. £3 2s. (Maggs).  
 Hamilton's *Memoirs of Count Grammont*. 1811. £2 17s. (Spencer).  
 Horatius. *Opera*. *Pine edition*. 1733. £5 (Moore).  
 Same work. 1737. £6 (Maggs).  
 La Borde (M. de), *Choix de Chansons Mises en Musique*. 4 vols. Paris, 1773. £50 (Maggs).  
 Montaigne, *Essais*. 1659. £3 4s. (Symes).  
 Kay's *Portraits*. Edinburgh, 1838. £3 6s. (Hopkins).  
 Lodge's *Portraits*. 12 vols. *Large paper*. 1835. £7 (Rimell).  
 Molière, *Œuvres*. 6 vols. Paris, 1734. £17 5s. (Rolandi).  
 Ovid, *Les Métamorphoses d'Ovide*. Paris, 1767-1771. £27 10s. (Rolandi).  
 Planché (J. R.), *Cyclopædia of Costume*. 1876. £5 2s. 6d. (Hornstein).  
 Costume of Yorkshire. 1814. £7 5s. (Sabin).  
 Frankau's *Eighteenth Century Colour Prints*. £8 5s. (Hornstein).  
 Holbein, *Imitations of drawings of Illustrious Persons in the Reign of Henry VIII.* 1792. £8 10s. (Lewin).  
 Humphreys (H. N.), *Illuminated Books of the Middle Ages*. 1849. £8 10s.  
 Thackeray's *Works*. 22 vols. 1869. £9 5s. (Sotheran).  
 Racinet, *Le Costume Historique*. 6 vols. £9 5s. (Hill).  
 Perini, *Scelta di XXIV. Vedute delle principali Contrade, Piazze, Chiese, Palazzi della Città di Firenze*. £20 10s. (Batsford).  
 Physiognomical *Portraits of Distinguished Characters*. 1824. £9 15s. (Maggs).  
 Pyne's *History of the Royal Residences*. 3 vols. 1819. £20 5s. (Hornstein).  
 Reynolds. *Engravings from the Works of Sir John Reynolds*. £11 5s. (Maggs).  
 The total amount realised was £1344 12s. 6d.

in any other manner were necessary to show it would not be. The whole question of mounting, often as it arises, is never discussed in connection with any plays but Shakespeare's. The fact, at first sight curious, is at second sight instructive. Shakespeare, the greatest dramatist whom England has produced, is also one of her greatest poets. On that account he occupies a place as much apart from as it is above that of all other writers for her stage, and his plays appeal, as poems, to those by whom the theatre is not really understood. Now it is with the poet, rather than with the dramatist, that the dissentients are concerned. Finding that the verse is less intelligible in the theatre than in the study—that its meaning can be grasped less easily and its beauty less readily appreciated—they conclude that the mounting is responsible, and decide in consequence that the plays should be presented unadorned. It is not the mounting, however, that is responsible, but the nature of the theatre; and this, whether scenery is used or not, remains the same. A statement may always be understood more fully by the eye than by the ear, and in the theatre it is not so much the meaning as the effect that tells. In it the quality of Shakespeare's verse, as of all dialogue, is not destroyed, but becomes effective in another way. The meaning and the beauty are preserved, but they are felt—and were intended to be felt—rather than understood or realised.

But, if the plays are no less intelligible adorned than unadorned, they should be infinitely more effective. A play is an attempt at a reality, and, by as much as it fails to seem this in performance, by so much will its proper effect and interest be diminished. No dramatist ever wrote with a more constant appreciation of this fact than Shakespeare. His knowledge of it was probably instinctive and perhaps unconscious, but it is nevertheless apparent in his work. To give the plays, when written, the complete reality which can only come with mounting was beyond the resources, and possibly beyond the conception, of his time; but, as much as could be given them in the writing, they undoubtedly possess. If Shakespeare was denied the advantages of mounting, he had not to respect its limitations. He was in that regard unfettered, and yet the scheme which he invariably chose was that which, by the number and variety of its scenes, recalls most vividly and represents most truly the world and life itself. And with his subject, whatever it might be, he never dealt directly, but always through the medium of a reality in which it was embodied. The subject of *Romeo and Juliet*, for instance, is young love, but the development of the idea is made entirely to depend on the course of the story which contains it. It is as if Shakespeare, himself concerned with love in the abstract, had wished his audience to be concerned with the individual concrete loves of his heroine and hero, in order that, through their interest in them, they might be made to feel, to realise, the beauty which he saw in the abstraction. In such a case, the susceptibility of the audience is proportionate to their interest in the lovers, and the interest in the lovers depends upon the sense of their reality. This, again, depends partly on the reality of the story—a reality which itself depends partly on that of its environment. But unless it be mounted, a play has no environment at all; and only by careful mounting can that atmosphere and sense of locality without which no environment convinces be produced. In Mr. Forbes Robertson's revival of *Hamlet* additional reality was given to the performance by the sense of locality alone—a sense conveyed by the inclusion in every outdoor scene of some aspect of the castle keep. In its shadow Hamlet saw the ghost; in the orchard near at hand Laertes found his sister, and in a churchyard a mile or so away he saw her buried; while in a pavilion distant by the length of a green meadow Fortinbras found Hamlet at the end. To mount successfully in all respects, however, plays which, like Shakespeare's, were written to be played without adornment, it is necessary to understand the complicated philosophy which underlies that section of the subject.

## THE DRAMA

### "ROMEO AND JULIET" AT THE ROYALTY THEATRE

WITH four performances of *Romeo and Juliet*—the first that it has given of the "lamentable tragedie"—the Elizabethan Stage Society has terminated its career. Though not on the whole as satisfactory as some of the Society's efforts, the representation, judged by the simple standard which is nowadays accepted, was intelligent and adequate enough. To interpret the play, to invest it with the sense of an occurrence of greater and of more universal significance than that with which it deals—the only treatment which would secure for it the full and due effect—no more attempt was made than in the average Shakespearean production; and on this account the sorrows of the "star-cross'd" lovers affected only those to whom the personalities of Mr. Esmé Percy and Miss Dorothy Minto, and the delivery of the text dictated by those personalities, appealed. But, if the major possibilities in representation seemed once again to have passed unnoted, a considerable proportion of the minor ones was, on the other hand, successfully realised. The *Romeo* and the *Juliet* looked in years the *Romeo* and the *Juliet* of Shakespeare; the Prince of Mr. Eric Maxon was a man obviously more noble than his fellows, and the Nurse of Miss Dolores Drummond combined affection with temper and with want of principle in the easy and humorous manner of the type.

Two quotations from Lessing given on the programme suggest that at least one of the Society's aims has been, by representation "in the Elizabethan manner," to prove that Shakespeare's plays not only do not need pictorial setting, but are even more intelligible without it. If this was indeed an aim of the Society, it has not been realised, and no performances either in the Elizabethan or

## FINE ART

## HISTORICAL PORTRAITS AT OXFORD

FOLLOWING the most interesting collection of last year, which included portraits of historical personages who died before 1625, the present loan collection at Oxford consists of portraits of those who died between 1625 and 1714. Every care has been taken to rescue from the obscurity of the College Halls many pictures which are now properly seen for the first time, while the Bodleian Library, the Ashmolean Museum, and other University collections have also been drawn on. In a few instances the exhibition is indebted to private owners.

These 228 pictures are undoubtedly interesting more from the historical than from the artistic point of view, but they give an insight into an early and somewhat unknown school of English painting. The great influence on this period was the arrival of Van Dyck in England in 1632, and we might perhaps have expected to find more traces of his handiwork at Oxford. There are seven copies of Van Dycks here, and others are attributed to his school; but only to one portrait have the committee appended his unqualified name: a full-length portrait of Charles I. in the robes of the Order of the Garter, similar to one in the Royal collection at Windsor Castle. There are traces of the master's hand in some parts of the picture, notably the head, but it has far more the appearance of another school piece than of a genuine work of the artist himself. This absence of Van Dyck's work in Oxford is not so extraordinary when we remember that his stay in England lasted little more than six years, but it is rather more surprising that Sir Peter Lely is so badly represented. We have but one portrait here which can be classified as his undoubtedly unassisted work. His *Anne St. John, Countess of Rochester*, lent by Lord Dillon, is a splendid portrait, and an excellent example of its painter's art, while of the other pictures attributed to him, only one—the portrait of Mary of Modena—has very evident traces of his handiwork, and this is crude in colour and harsh in expression.

One of the most interesting groups of portraits is that in which the various members of the Tradescant family figure. On the second screen is a small bust of John Tradescant the elder, emerging from a cloudy background. As a painting it has no great merit, but it serves to recall the career of the famous botanist who was the first to study Russian plants, and who utilised an expedition against the corsairs of Algiers to introduce the apricot into England. For Oxford, interest in him rests on the fact that he was the first gardener at the Botanic Gardens. His interest in Natural History was inherited by his son, of whom we have an excellent portrait attributed to William Dobson, the pupil of Van Dyck, and his successor in the position of court painter, a capacity in which he resided at Oxford while the Court was established there. The younger Tradescant stands in his garden, leaning on a spade, and clad in a fur coat, which falls back to show a white shirt open at the bosom. If this be indeed the work of Dobson, it is a very favourable specimen of his art, for the pose is strong and graceful and the head is very well painted. Numbers 140 and 141 of the catalogue show us Sir John Tradescant's second wife with her step-children. In the second of the two we have Hester (the wife) and Frances and John (the children). The latter are not very well drawn, the girl being especially unconvincing, but the boy leaning on his stick to the left of the picture and looking away from the group is a more attractive figure. The mother, looking in the same direction as the boy, with her hand stretched in front of the girl and resting on her stepson's shoulder, is by far the best part of the picture, for there is an easy grace in her attitude, and a look of sympathetic sadness in her not uncomely face. Her dress is beautifully painted, with a rich brown ground and golden trimmings. As a whole the picture breathes a subdued atmosphere, and herein it contrasts with No. 140, in

which only the mother and son appear. Here we have two of the most pleasing portraits of the whole collection. On the left stands the boy looking out of the picture, in a pensive mood, caring nothing for the jewel which is being handed to him by his stepmother. Great care has been lavished on the painting of his little coat, which is treated with much delicacy of touch in a beautiful dull green. On the right stands Hester Pooks in the same easy attitude as in the other picture. The lace of the dress is painted with care, and her hands are remarkably well drawn and lifelike. There is more character in the face, more determination, and less submissiveness. It is useless to pretend that either of these two pictures is a masterpiece, but they stand in pleasing contrast to the majority of the exhibition, and the same may be said of a full-length portrait of William Child, organist of St. George's Chapel, Windsor, and a composer of sacred music. This portrait has no attribution to any particular artist in the catalogue, but it is amongst the most striking in the exhibition. There is a quiet dignity in the man as he stands by a table covered with a simple red cloth. The long white robe which hangs in loose folds from his shoulders bears the signs of skilful manipulation; the folds are beautifully shaded, whilst the faint pattern on the cloth relieves the long stretch of white. The head, well and squarely set on his shoulders, commands attention with a face full of character, speaking of kindness and good humour. If the arms are somewhat out of drawing, the hands are excellent, one holding a scroll of music, the other pointing to the table. The artist, unlike so many of the painters in this collection, does not seem to have regarded the hands of his sitter as useless though natural accessories of the human body, for here they are an essential part of the picture. The whole portrait gives an idea of reserved strength.

There is a strong note of tragedy running through at least the earlier part of the collection, the tragedy which surrounded the unhappy Charles I. Foremost among the pictures of this class is a portrait of the monarch himself, which at the back bears the inscription: "King Charles the first as he satt at his Tryall in Westminster Hall," very similar, both in conception and detail, to a picture by Edward Bower in the possession of the Duke of Rutland. Near by are six other portraits of the "martyr king," one of which has been already mentioned, and all around we find the leading actors of the drama of the Civil War—Noye, Clarendon, and Falkland. Here, too, are five portraits of William Laud, and two of the dashing Rupert. In strong contrast stands Cromwell, ready armed for the parliamentary struggle, in a fine portrait by Robert Walker lent by Lord Spencer. Others on the parliamentary side are the Earl of Manchester, and a picture from Wadham College which may represent Robert Blake, the adversary of Tromp and the victor of Santa Cruz. Amongst these representatives of the age of the Civil War we miss Strafford; if we are not mistaken, the Bodleian possesses a portrait of him, which might have been added to the collection.

Amongst royal persons we have Queen Henrietta Maria and her two sons, Charles II. and James II., with their respective consorts, Catherine of Braganza and Mary of Modena. There is a poor portrait of William III., but a better one of his wife, Mary, by Sir Godfrey Kneller. Finally there is a portrait of Queen Anne by Michael Dahl, a Swedish artist who was one of Kneller's imitators. More interesting than any of these are the famous men whom we meet on every side: divines such as Launcelot Andrewes and Jeremy Taylor; among poets, the royalist Cowley and the puritan Milton, the latter's portrait, a pleasing copy of a lost original, lent by Mr. Lewis Harcourt, while further on we find Dryden, that prince of turncoats. In a dark corner hangs an inferior portrait of Hobbes, and there are two portraits of Locke, one of them by Sir Godfrey Kneller, but by no means a good example of that artist. Amongst many others are Dr. Fell, Dr. Busby, and William Harvey, who discovered the circulation of the blood.

A large number of portraits serve to illustrate the

internal history of Oxford, most of them by unknown artists, but useful as marking epochs in the life of the University; and finally we have one or two quaint old characters, such as John Taylor, the "Water Poet," and uncle of the painter of that name, and Mother George, a widow, of Little Clarendon Street, who "earned her living by displaying her eyesight in threading a needle." She was known to Locke, who visited her, and Antony à Wood tells us that "when she came to be a hundred she doubled every year." Finally we must not forget the *Christ Church Scullion*, which is notable as a portrait, the work of John Riley, and bearing the marks of Dutch influence. It is an old college tradition that this man, who in his left hand holds a pewter dish, was a scullion in the kitchen towards the end of the reign of James II., and was employed to sing satirical ballads pointed at the King and his party.

Though the exhibition may not contain any great works of art, it is full of human interest, and no one who has the opportunity should fail to pay it a visit. On every screen there is to be found an illustration of some point in the history of the period, and the men and women who look out of the pictures seem to tell us something of the secret history of their lives, and to explain to us some things which the mere recorded facts would never make clear.

### WHISTLER AND WATTS

THE most interesting articles in the April numbers of the *Quarterly* and *Edinburgh Reviews* are "The Works of James MacNeill Whistler" in the *Edinburgh* and "Watts and Whistler" by R. E. Fry in the *Quarterly*. Both are first-rate pieces of writing, and will be doubly interesting to readers after the Exhibition which has just been closed at the New Gallery. The article in the *Edinburgh Review* is anonymous, though its trenchant figure seems to reveal a familiar hand. In the *Quarterly Review*, which has very sensibly abandoned the law of anonymity, the article is signed by that distinguished critic and painter Mr. Roger Fry. He finds a stimulating artistic contrast in the recent exhibitions of Watts and Whistler. Both are great and serious artists who followed out a certain faith as to the relation between art and life without care for gain or heed of opinion. In their bold isolation, both stood out from the crowd as perhaps almost too daring types of the individualism of British art. But both stood, in abrupt contrast, at the opposite poles both in theory and practice.

Now that these great artists are dead and their work finished, we can see it in clearer perspective. Whistler seems to emerge from the cloud of witty cynicism and defiant badinage in which he wrapt himself. He remains a lonely figure aloof from English life, perhaps in his essence French rather than English or American. But he becomes intelligible. He emerges as something more than the skilful etcher which we all admit him to be. He is the champion of a theory—the theory of the divorce between literature and art. Coming at a time in English art when painting was little more than the Cinderella of literature, he defiantly proclaimed her independence. He even went further. Beginning with the war against the subordination of the picture to the story, he ended in a struggle for the expulsion of all intellectual ideas from the art of painting. The æsthetic side of life was to stand proudly by itself. In art, as he himself said in his famous proposition No. 1, "It is criminal to go beyond the means used in its exercise." He tried, in short, to sanctify the artist in a sort of splendid isolation.

Useful as a paradox and amusing as an epigram, the thing became rather a bore when it posed as a serious theory. The penalty of all divorce is sterility. We can now see that Whistler's own development is the most fatal comment on his own faith. His art reached its gradual development in the perfection of his early etchings, the colour-values of works like the "Piano-Picture," and finally in portraits like *My Mother* and *Carlyle*. But here his art

seemed suddenly checked and narrowed by his own terror of linking it up with the other high activities of man. From being a law to itself, his art became lawless. His very theory cut him off from the finest subjects. It encouraged eccentricity and obscurity. It led to defiance. It turned him from an artist into a sectarian, and threw his force from painting into fighting.

Watts stood for a quite opposite view. With him art had no pride except in service. Its service was the service of man, and its function was to lend its mighty mastery of form and colour—its trained prophet's vision—to serve as a clue and a guide to life. To Watts, as to Ruskin, it was no matter of indifference whether the artist was occupied in painting a poet or a ballet girl, paradise or Cremorne. The result was that Watts, as he advanced in years, grew at once broader and more severe in his choice of subjects. He gradually widened his art to embrace all the highest themes of literature and religion. Alone among modern English artists, he had the courage to attempt the sublime. Looking back on his life and his art, we link him naturally with Milton and Michael Angelo both in power and austerity. Like Milton, he outgrew perhaps too much the light and playful touch of youth, and took his art perhaps too far away from the common haunts of men. He dwelt too much with the Olympians. Like Michael Angelo, he developed a passion for allegory, though without Michael Angelo's simplicity. He brought with him a new subtlety not at all Miltonic or Michael Angelic, but reminding us perhaps rather of his contemporary in poetry, Robert Browning.

Differing in everything else, Whistler and Watts were at any rate alike in their devotion to art. Like Wolfe and Montcalm, who perished in deadly conflict, but lie buried at Quebec under one common tombstone, they seem to have been brought together by death. Both did a great work. Whistler performed no mean service to British art when he emphasised the claims of the craft itself—the craft of colour and form—as distinct from its subject-matter. Watts added a new glory when he showed that paint and pencil could still, even in the nineteenth century, be made the instruments for visualising the sublime.

### ART SALES

#### THE CAPEL-CURE COLLECTION

THE most important sale of the month, and possibly of the year, took place last week at Messrs. Christie's of the collections formed by Mr. Edward Cheney, of Badger Hall, Salop, which descended, on his death in 1884, to his nephew Colonel Alfred Capel-Cure, and were till recently the property of Mr. Francis Capel-Cure. On Tuesday and Wednesday, May 4 and 5, were sold the Italian bronzes, faïences, objects of art and furniture, the two days' sale realising over £15,000. The highest price on Tuesday was for a walnut-wood throne, dated 1559, which was removed in the early eighteenth century from the Hall of the Ambassadors in the Ducal Palace at Venice. This reached 1000 gs. (Partridge); and next to it was an Italian *cire-perdue* bronze of Pluto and Cerberus, early sixteenth century, possibly the work of Benvenuto Cellini, which Sir George Donaldson bought at 860 gs. On Wednesday, the highest price was reached by two bronze rectangular panels, moulded in *alto rilievo* with the Resurrection and Christ descending into Hades, in the manner of Andrea Riccio, 16½ in. by 15½ in., Italian, early sixteenth century, which ran to £800 (Durlacher). Two pieces of general interest were a marble seated figure of Sir Walter Scott by Chantrey, 3½ in. high, 310 gs. (Gooden and Fox), and a life-size bust of Sir Walter Scott, artist unknown, 58 gs. (Agnew).

The English and Chinese porcelain included the following: A pair of turquoise-blue vases, formed as double fish, mounted in ormolu, 17½ in. high, 280 gs. (Gribble); a pair of cylindrical vases, 10½ in. high, Kang-He, 130 gs. (Gribble); a pair of Dresden mayflower vases, panels in polychrome after Watteau, mounted in chased ormolu, 9 in. high, 125 gs. (A. Wertheimer); a pair of oblong Sèvres biscuit plaques, with subjects in relief in white on pale blue, 11½ in. wide, 105 gs. (D. Rothschild); and a pair of English late eighteenth-century candelabra, each shaped as an oviform vase of blue-john, mounted with metal gilt, 15½ in. high, 100 gs. (Bruce). Among the faïence were a circular medallion of Della Robbia, moulded in almost full relief with three heads of children, 28 in. diameter, Italian, sixteenth century, £300 (Seligmann); a statuette of the Virgin and Child by Lucca della Robbia, 32 in. high, £95 (Durlacher); and two circular bas-reliefs by Lucca della Robbia, with

figures of Prudence and Faith, £195 (Goldschmidt). The bronzes included a group representing a boy astride a dolphin, Florentine, early sixteenth century, 5½ in. high, 460 gs. (Durlacher); a variation of the Crouching Venus of G. di Bologna, late sixteenth century, 9½ in. high, £300 (Durlacher); an oval relief with a profile bust of a man, late fifteenth century, 20½ in. by 12½ in., £250 (Goldschmidt); a set of four candelabra, Italian, late sixteenth century, 6 ft. 10 in. high, 200 gs. (Bentinck); a pair of statuettes of mermen riding dolphins, Florentine, late sixteenth century, £195 (Brandes); a group of two figures, emblematic of Virtue chaining Vice, after John of Bologna, Italian, sixteenth century, 11 in. high, 170gs. (Partridge); a statuette of a warrior, with raised left arm holding a shield, a sword in his right, Italian, early sixteenth century, 13 in. high, 160 gs. (Durlacher); and a knocker of acanthus leaves with figures of Painting and Architecture and a coat of arms, Florentine, sixteenth century, 13 in. high, 160 gs. (C. F. Murray). There was also a head, probably of Hermes, an antique, which was sold for 220 gs. (Grant).

Among the marbles were two trusses or supports of Pentelic marble, of cabriole form, carved with bearded male heads and decorated with acanthus foliage, 53½ in. high, £230 (Charles); a life-size head of Hermes, attributed to Praxiteles, 120 gs. (Ready); a relief by Thorwaldsen, "The Three Graces," 120 gs. (Sinclair); two columns of Fior-di-Persica marble, surmounted by ormolu capitals of Ionic form, 90 in. high, 110 gs. (Salamans).

The terra-cotta included a Saint Sebastian, a model from the marble statue on the altar of San Francesco della Vigna, Venice, attributed to Alessandro Vittoria, 22½ in. high, 400 gs. (D. Rothschild).

On Saturday last the pictures from this and other collections were sold, the Capel-Cure collections producing nearly £7000. The most important picture was a portrait catalogued as Princess Amelia, daughter of George III., by Romney, originally given by Frederick, Duke of York, to his aide-de-camp, General Cheney. This was bought by Messrs. Colnaghi at 2800 gs. Messrs. Colnaghi also bought a portrait by Marco Basaiti of a young man, exhibited at the Old Masters Exhibition in 1886, for 840 gs. The Capel-Cure pictures also included a Van Dyck, portrait of Mrs. Killigrew, 24½ in. by 20 in., 165 gs. (Lowe), three Canalettos, a Guardi, a Tiepolo, three Tintoretts, and a portrait of Sir Walter Scott by Colvin Smith, R.S.A. 250 gs. (Reid, of Glasgow).

The chief feature of the sale, however, was the Romney portraits from various collections, which produced altogether over 13,000 gs. The highest price was fetched by the group of Horsley children, George and Charlotte, which was exhibited at the Grafton Galleries in 1900. This fell to Messrs. Agnew at 4400 gs. Next in price came the Mrs. Methuen, 29 in. by 24 in., 1784, 3400 gs. (Colnaghi). Others were Lady Emilia Kerr, 1779, 30 in. by 24½ in., 2600 gs. (Colnaghi); the Hon. Mrs. Beresford, one of the "Three Graces" in Reynolds's picture in the National Gallery, 30 in. by 25 in., 1900 gs. (Sully); and a portrait of a gentleman, probably George Hawkins, surgeon to George III.'s household, 30 in. by 25 in., 520 gs. (T. Cox).

Among other pictures in the sale were a portrait by Gainsborough of Indiana Talbot, 35½ in. by 27½ in., 2000 gs. (Garland); Hoppner's portrait of Lady Elizabeth Townshend, 30 in. by 25 in., 400 gs.; Raeburn's portrait of Mrs. Bower of Kincaldrum, 30 in. by 25 in., 160 gs. (Blair); Greuze, head of a girl, 220 gs. (Gooden and Fox); Lucas Cranach, portrait of a man, 16½ in. by 13½ in., 500 gs. (Agnew); J. Ward, portrait of Miss Georgiana Musgrave, 1797, 34 in. by 27 in., 1600 gs. (Wylde); Opie, portrait of Sheridan, 30 in. by 25 in., 300 gs. (C. Davis); Rembrandt, portrait of an old man, 29 in. by 23½ in., 290 gs.; Raeburn, portrait of John Rennie, F.R.S., 30 in. by 25 in., 330 gs. (G. B. Rennie); and Ruysdael, a river scene with mountains, 20½ in. by 26 in., 280 gs. (Waller).

## SCIENCE

### A POINT OF VIEW

THOSE studies which every one recognises as scientific—astronomy, chemistry, biology—have never wanted the services of keen and whole-hearted men. Your youthful Darwin collects insects because they interest him; your Dalton takes to test-tubes as a duck to water—and so forth. In this present age a man will devote his entire life to the study of the Coleoptera, or to the minor planets, or to the spectroscopic examination of flames. The facts of one or other department of the external world fascinate these students, who work for small rewards of money or of fame, and to whom a new chemical synthesis or a new variety of beetle is as interesting as the discovery of lost Schubert manuscripts to a Sullivan or a Grove. Their patience is as inexhaustible as it is unconscious; their fidelity to facts unpurchaseable. Without them none of the inductive sciences could be. Their right to live and work cannot be called in question.

But in these days men of science make claims less humble. They demand recognition and recompense; they seek to impart their knowledge to the many; their appetite for new laboratories is insatiable. And the question arises, to what end? The practical uses of medicine and chemistry and engineering are obvious enough; but what of astronomy and the classification of beetles? How do these affect human life?

To this it may be replied that the pursuit of Truth is its own sanction, as independent of the utilitarian consideration as is the culture of Art; each is an end in itself, and requires no exterior justification.

But to me it seems that this view of the worth of Truth—of truths all and sundry—could be fully justified only in some ideal state of affairs such as our descendants may well maintain but is far from realisation to-day. To put it colloquially, *there are other things that want doing first*. We who have foes like war and alcohol and lust to fight, what business have we with beetles?

For myself—if the unavoidable egoism of this apologia may be pardoned—I have neither patience nor experimental assiduity; and, if neither led to anything beyond itself I should much prefer the study of Victor Trumper's batting or the score of the Emperor Concerto than the study of the rarest of beetles or the newest of minor planets. One can obtain a measure of intellectual gratification from the immediate study of scientific facts, but this is nought beside the pleasures of music and conversation and a thousand other things.

My interests in sciences are, therefore, mainly ulterior. In the beginning one is introduced to scientific studies *en route* to a certain professional goal: and the student, who is really no more than a schoolboy, asks what on earth is the use of botany and mechanics and the like, in preparation for a practical walk of life with which these have scarcely any direct concern. But in later years it is borne in upon him that the facts and conclusions of science are of infinitely more than their *soi-disant* importance. He discovers that even beetles and minor planets have remote but indissoluble connections with all the colossal and insistent problems which face every thinking man. The justification for their study is that, without it, the things that want doing first, the problems that clamour for immediate solution, must remain undone and unsolved. Let us take an instance.

The relation of art to morality is a constant subject of academic dispute, the majority maintaining what Sir Leslie Stephen called the "cant of 'art for art's sake.'" Now this is a vastly important practical matter; and those of us who regard art as one of the main occupations of man in coming time, when his control of Nature shall be relatively complete, think this question certain to become of the very first importance.

The usual method of attacking this question is purely empirical. The disputants quote instances from the two non-material arts, poetry and music, to show that art is necessarily related to morality, or that it is not. (With the separate question whether the artist should have moral questions in his mind's eye as he works, I am not here concerned.) But last week as I listened to the *Valkyrie* and *Siegfried* at Covent Garden, and remembered Count Tolstoy's somewhat amusing account of his visit to a representation of one of them, it struck me that here was a case illustrative of the contention of this essay. I had always been content to follow the *a posteriori* method in discussing the art-morality question, and to quote the music-dramas of Wagner in support of the contention that creative art and morality are related; for the *Ring* is as certainly a "morality" as is *Everyman*; and few will dispute to-day that it is also consummate art. But now I think I see that there is no occasion to quote instances in discussion of this question, for science justifies itself to me in enabling us, as I think, to answer it *a priori*.

For science teaches, as matter of knowledge, that which has ever been the faith of the poet and the philosopher—that All Things are One. I fear I may have insisted on

this truth to weariness: not that one's palate for truth should be satiable. But see how this interesting conclusion of the intellect bears upon the question at issue. If all things are inter-related and inter-dependent; if all facts whatsoever are eventually correlative; if Truth is an organic whole—then it follows, as a matter of pure deduction, independent of experiment or observation, that art and morality must be related. If Art be true, it is a part of Truth, and is therefore related, vitally and indissolubly, to all other parts of Truth, such as morality: Truth being One.

These considerations open up questions of great interest: notably the question as to the sense or senses in which any work of art can be called true or false. To this question, though it is perhaps not recognisable as one of "science pure and undefiled," I may be permitted to revert at some future time. For it is plain that if Art be essentially concerned with the expression of emotions: and if the content of an individual emotion—being possibly a unique and personal thing—can scarcely be regarded as obviously part of the body of universal truth—we must not apply such terms as true or false to poetry and music, unless we are prepared to justify them. Nevertheless, I for one believe that these terms are applicable to art: and that the service and *raison d'être* of science in this connection are precisely its demonstration that true art is inseparable from moral issues.

Further I will be so bold as to declare that my point of view is common even to those who have most frequently declared that all forms of truth are to be sought for their own sake, and that the search is its own justification. For this is an assertion in ethics—an assertion of a duty—but it would be meaningless to assert that there is an ethical element in knowledge, say of beetles, as such. Obvious utility apart, the value of knowledge—that is to say, of science—lies in its bearing upon the problem of existence, nor is any item of knowledge to be named that is without such a bearing; nor can I believe that science is defiled by any sincere attempt to recognise its significance. Measurements of beetles may demonstrate the fact of natural selection, than which, if we knew it, none bears more immediately upon individual and corporate duty: astronomy may teach humility and ennoble that attitude of upright—not grovelling—wonder which is an essential element in religion. Were it not so, I should be little concerned to know that the earth moves, and would give all the pages of Copernicus for one such line as

"He has outsoared the shadow of our night."

C. W. SALEEBY.

## CORRESPONDENCE

### "HOMER AND SCIENCE"

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I will appeal to your kind courtesy to allow me space to reply, not to Mr. Andrew Lang's general criticism on my "Handbook of Homeric Study" (with which I have no fault to find) but to an implication he has made regarding my attitude towards the Provost of Oriel, whom I regard, along with Mr. Lang, as "in England the greatest living Homeric scholar."

After quoting my remarks on the unconvincing attempt to establish an opposition between "literary" and "scientific" methods of dealing with the Homeric Problem, in the interests of "extravagant conservatism," your reviewer not merely appeals to the honoured name of Dr. Monro, but declares that I quote him—which I do in quite another context as I shall show—as "one of the severest advocates of unity." Certainly the natural conclusion to draw from this is that I have classed Dr. Monro among the "extravagant conservatives" of Homeric criticism, namely those who still endeavour to maintain the theory of absolutely single authorship of the two poems.

I did nothing of the sort. On the contrary, I have appealed again and again to Dr. Monro as an authority opposed to extreme theories of every kind, and, as a staunch bulwark of the scientific school. For instance (on page 92) I have explicitly based one of my strongest arguments for the presence of earlier and later strata of composition in the poems upon the linguistic discrepancies which Monro has taken the trouble to tabulate in his well-known "Homeric Grammar."

But when (on page 135) I include this great Homeric scholar among "the most severe advocates of Unity," I am dealing with a totally different question from the former, namely, that of the Unity of the "Odyssey," taken by itself. The very heading of the page: "Is the

Odyssey composite"? proves this; and had my whole sentence been quoted, the point would have been at once evident. It runs. "The most severe advocates of Unity, from the Alexandrian critics to Monro, are forced to admit," &c. Now Mr. Lang is surely aware that certain Alexandrian critics were the first to suggest separate authorship for the two poems, though certainly none of them doubted the unity of authorship of the "Odyssey." It is true I have, with many others, seen reason to doubt it; but I have nowhere in my treatment of this question, suggested that the older view is "extravagant conservatism."

One little point further in which Mr. Lang quite unintentionally misrepresents me. He says "the Odyssey" to him is "Homer-and-water!" I certainly did not write this, but that "If I may be allowed to differ from many worthy critics, I should say the 'Odyssey' is less Homeric than the 'Iliad.'" To me the greater part of it when compared with the *Iliad* is mere Homer-and-water." This may be the same thing according to Mr. Lang's theories—it is by no means the same according to mine.

May 5.

HENRY BROWNE.

## SCIENCE

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Apparently a "thinker" is one who has "formulated the ontological problem for himself." Like Miss Dartle, I am extremely glad to know that. Gervinus, it is true, calls *Hamlet* "a mine of the profoundest wisdom," and Schlegel describes *King Lear* as an "almost superhuman flight of genius"; but pshaw! what is all this, compared with the "formulating of the ontological problem," which Wordsworth, it seems, has successfully accomplished? After this, it would be cruel to quote Macaulay's words about Wordsworth's "crazy metaphysics."

It is a pity that we are not given a definition of the word "creed." If it is used in the strict sense, the "creeds," so far from being "innumerable," may be counted on the fingers of both hands. If it is used by a Master of science in the popular and unscientific sense of "a belief, or body of beliefs, religious or philosophical, in a more or less fluid and unsystematised state," then there are other "creeds" beside the "Oriental." He might have learnt this to his cost in former days; for the Druids would have forced him to take a "burning" interest in the fact, and the Aztecs would have brought it home to him with a "cutting" irony which would have "gone to his very heart." The day on which your admirable journal is published reminds me of another "creed," which has been immortalised in half the days of our week, and which was imposed upon our unhappy forefathers with "the hammer of Thor." I will not encroach further on your space.

May 6.

J. A. B.

[The definition of a "thinker" is not mine. Schlegel's description of *King Lear* might be equally well applied to Beethoven's Violin Concerto, in which no one will discern profound thought. Perhaps "Tintern Abbey" will be found to survive the gibes of the author of "Horatius." Ultimately, I dare say, there is only one creed, but its forms are surely innumerable. If the ridiculous phrase "a master of science" is used ironically—and it certainly cannot be otherwise—I will permit myself to say that I resent J. A. B.'s anonymous discourtesy.—C. W. SALEEBY.]

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I am afraid it is somewhat of an impertinence, but I would ask a little space in which to record my appreciation of Dr. Saleeby's articles.

The scientific basis of them has always been perfectly sound so far as I could ever discover, however one might dissent from some of your esteemed contributor's conclusions.

Possibly "J. A. B." would rather have dry sticks such as the formulae of physics, from which, however, may a kindly editor defend us!

Science "pure and undefiled" seems to mean simply a chaos of empiricisms; for, to formulate a system—however local and partial—is to introduce that "scientific imagination" which Dr. Saleeby so felicitously employs for the presentation of far wider and grander issues.

May 8.

J. B. WALLIS.

## "MUCKERS"

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—In your issue of April 8 there is a review of Professor Münsterberg's latest book, in which you mention certain phrases and words—used in it—as distinctly American and translate them into English. They are all slang and translated correctly, with the exception of the word "muckers," which is certainly out of place in such a work as that of Professor Münsterberg. I think, however, that you are wrong in your interpretation of its meaning, which you give as the reverse of millionaires. Certainly in the meaning which the word has around New York it could be applied quite as well to the millionaires as to any one else, as it is descriptive of character and nature, and has nothing to do with a man's possessions. The proper meaning of the word "mucker" is—an individual of low and coarse nature; a man who would play dirty tricks and who is generally unde-irable.

I trust that you will forgive my calling your attention to what I think is the correct, and what is generally the accepted, meaning of the word in this locality.

New York, April 26,

JAMES TRUSLOW ADAMS.

## PRIZE POETS

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Referring to the article in your last number on Oxford Prize Poetry, may I be allowed to say that the absence of my name from the lists, is due not, as might very well have been the case, to failure in the competition, but to the fact that I never competed at all. I should expect to find on inquiry that my namesake of the "Earthly Paradise" was in a similar position from a like cause.

May 6.

LEWIS MORRIS.

## BOOKS RECEIVED

## ART.

- Filippino Lippi. Newnes' Art Library, 3s. 6d. net.  
Graves, Algernon. *The Royal Academy of Art: A complete Dictionary of Contributors and their work from its foundation in 1769 to 1904.* Vol. I., Abbaye—Carrington. Henry Graves & Co. and George Bell. 2s. net.  
Zacher, Albert. *Rome as an Art City.* Siegle, The Langham Series, 1s. 6d.  
Brown, J. Wood. *Italian Architecture, being a brief account of its principles and progress.* Siegle, The Langham Series, 1s. 6d.

## BIOGRAPHY AND MEMOIRS.

- O'Connor, T. P. *Lord Beaconsfield, A Biography.* Eighth edition. Unwin, 2s. 6d. net.  
Carnegie, Andrew. *James Watt.* Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier, Famous Scots Series, 1s. 6d. net.  
White, Andrew Dickson. *Autobiography of Andrew D. White.* Two vols. Macmillan, 30s. net.  
Carpenter, J. Estlin. *James Martineau, Theologian and Teacher, a study of Life and Thought.* Green, 7s. 6d. net.  
Wack, Henry Wellington. *The Romance of Victor Hugo and Juliette Drouet.* Putnam, 6s. net.

## DRAMA.

- Synge, J. M. *The Shadow of the Glen and Riders to the Sea.* Mathews, Vigo Cabinet Series, 1s. net.  
Skey, Rev. Frederic C. *Politics in Petticoats, and other Duologues.* Clifton: Baker. London: Simpkin, Marshall. 1s. net.  
Dillon, Arthur. *The Greek Kalends.* Mathews, 3s. 6d. net.

## EDUCATION.

- Lees, Beatrice A. *A Biographical History Reader, Selected Lives from the History in Biography Series, for use in Primary Schools.* Black's School History, 2s. 6d.

## FICTION.

- Aitken, Robert. *The Redding Strain, an old-fashioned Story.* Edinburgh: Morton. London: Simpkin Marshall. 6s.  
Locke, William, J. *The Morals of Marcus Ordeyne.* Lane, 6s.  
Miln, Louise Jordan. *A Woman and her Talent.* Blackwood, 6s.  
Vesey, Arthur Henry. *A Cheque for Three Thousand.* Arrowsmith, 3s. 6d.  
Rodocanachi, E. *Tolla the Courtesan, A sketch of private life in Rome in the year of the Jubilee, 1700.* Translated from the French by Frederick Lawton. Heinemann, 6s.  
Falconer, Lanoë. *Mademoiselle Ixe, The Hotel d'Angleterre, and other stories.* Popular edition. Unwin, 1s. net.  
"Betty." *Intercepted Letters, A Mild Satire on Hongkong Society.* Hongkong: Kelly & Walsh, 1s.  
Thomas, Annie (Mrs. Pender Cudlip). *The Clevers of Clever.* New edition. Treherne, 1s.  
Robins, Elizabeth (C. E. Rainmond). *A Dark Lantern, A Story with a Prologue.* Heinemann, 6s.  
Hamilton, Cosmo. *Indiscretions.* Treherne, 1s.  
Cullum, Ridgwell. *The Brooding Wild, A Mountain Tragedy.* Chapman & Hall, 6s.  
Dudeney, Mrs. Henry. *The Wise Woods.* Heinemann, 6s.  
Ferguson, Dugald. *The King's Friend, A Tale of the Scottish Wars of Independence.* Paisley: Gardner, 6s.  
Magnay, Sir William, Bart. *A Prince of Lovers, A Romance.* Ward, Lock, 6s.  
Hill, Headon. *Millions of Mischief, The Story of a Great Secret.* Ward, Lock, 6s.  
Hobbes, John Oliver. *Robert Orange.* Popular edition. Unwin, 6d.  
Hayes, Frederick W. *A Prima Donna's Romance.* Hutchinson, 6s.  
Castle, Agnes and Egerton. *Rose of the World.* Smith, Elder, 6s. (See page 519.)  
Fleming, Clifton. *The Fate of Ralph Brard.* Digby, Long, 6s.  
Smith, Ada Ellen. *First in the Field.* Digby, Long, 6s.  
Munro, Neil. *John Splendid, The Tale of a Poor Gentleman, and the Little Wars of Lorn.* Seventh edition. Blackwood, 3s. 6d.  
Merriman, Henry Seton. *In Kedar's Tents.* Newnes' Sixpenny Novels. Illustrated.

## HISTORY.

- Burton, John Hill. *The History of Scotland, from Agricola's invasion to the Extinction of the last Jacobite Insurrection.* New edition, in eight vols. Vol. I. Blackwood, 2s. 6d. net.  
Lang, Andrew. *John Knox and the Reformation.* Longmans, 10s. 6d. net.  
Henriques, H. S. Q. *The Return of the Jews to England, being a Chapter in the History of the English Law.* Macmillan, 8s. 6d. net.  
Perris, G. H. *Russia in Revolution.* Chapman & Hall, 10s. 6d. net.  
MacFibris, Duaid. *On the Formorians and the Norsemen.* The original Irish Text edited, with Translation and Notes, by Alexander Bugge. Christiania: Gundersen, kr. 1.00.  
Cathach. *Cathach's Career of Cathach of Cathach, or the Wars between the Irishmen and the Norsemen in the middle of the Tenth Century.* The original Irish Text, edited with Translation and Notes by Alexander Bugge. Christiania: Gundersen, kr. 3.60.  
Bugge, Alexander. *Bilag til det Sidste af Nordboernes Historie i Island.* Copenhagen: Thiele.

## LAW.

- Solberg, Thorvald. *Copyright in Congress 1789-1904. A Bibliography and Chronological Record of all proceedings in Congress in relation to Copyright from April 15, 1789, to April 28, 1904.* First Congress, first session, to fifty-eighth Congress, second session. Library of Congress. Washington: Government Printing Office.

## LITERATURE.

- Thomson, William. *The Basis of English Rhythm.* Glasgow: Holmes, 1s. net.  
Masterman, C. F. G. *In Peril of Change, Essays written in time of Tranquillity.* Unwin, 6s.  
Robertson, John G. *Schiller after a Century.* Blackwood, 2s. 6d. net.  
Gastrow, Paul. *Tolstoj und sein Evangelium.* Geissen: Töpelmann, 1 m.  
Thiselton, Alfred Edward. *Notulae Criticae (22-43).* Folkard, 1s. net.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

- Gaskell, Lady C. Milnes. *Spring in a Shropshire Abbey.* Smith, Elder, 9s. net.  
Broomhall, William. *The Country Gentlemen's Estate Book 1905.* The Country Gentlemen's Association Limited, 10s. 6d.  
Spalding. *Printing Papers.* A handbook for the use of Publishers and Printers.  
Crosland, T. W. H. *The Wild Irishman.* Laurie, 5s.

## MUSIC.

- Naylor, E. W. *An Elizabethan Virginal Book, being a Critical Essay on the Contents of a Manuscript in the Fitzwilliam Museum at Cambridge.* Dent, 6s. net.  
Fuller Maitland, J. A. *Joseph Joachim.* Lane, Living Masters of Music 2s. 6d. net.

## NAVAL AND MILITARY.

- Brindle, Ernest. *With Russian, Japanese and Chinese. The Experiences of an Englishman during the Russo-Japanese War.* Murray, 6s. net.  
Dix, Lieut. C. C., R.N. *The World's Navies in the Boxer Rebellion (China 1900).* Digby, Long, 7s. 6d. net.

## NATURAL HISTORY.

- Beavan, Arthur H. *Animals I have Known.* Unwin, 5s.

## PHILOSOPHY.

- Clark, Newton. *Huxley and Phillips Brooks.* Allenson, Heart and Life Library, 6d. net.  
Read, Carverth. *The Metaphysics of Nature.* Black, 7s. 6d. net.

## POLITICS.

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